

The Reader's Digest

SERVICE



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MAY NINETEEN TWENTY-FOUR

Publishers' Announcements

AMERICAN MAGAZINE (May)

His Career as a Chemist Began
With a Bang!

Arthur D. Little relates his own story, and tells of some of the modern industrial wonders that we owe to the chemist.

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Why People Are Queer

The particular variety Dr. Frankwood Williams will describe is quite common.

They Are Both in Who's Who

The story of a remarkable man and his equally remarkable wife who have both won international fame as management engineers.

Does the Camera Lie? by the popular humorist, H. I. Phillips

What I Shall Teach Bud and Janet
About Marriage Edgar A. Guest

Luck May Help You Get a Start,
But It Won't Keep You Going

ATLANTIC MONTHLY (May)

Cornelia and Dionysus

Stuart P. Sherman
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Ellwood Hendrick
A paper really fascinating to the imagination.

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By a Schoolboy
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Ann Alderton
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Tad Lincoln's Father — A Playmate's Recollections

Julia Taft Bayne
A new perspective to our most human President.

The Preacher's Handicap

Herbert W. Horwill
The discrepancy between service and sermon—a criticism and a suggestion.

CENTURY MAGAZINE (May)

If We Are to Prevent the Next
War

Bertrand Russell
If you seriously wish to provide a warless world for your sons and daughters, read this notable paper.

Alice in Literal-Land John F. Scott
A member of the clergy discusses the current religious controversy in good-humored satire.

Second Thoughts on the Oil Scandal
Charles Merz

The Forest Philosophers

C. E. Bechhofer
A fascinating story of one of the many mystical ventures that have flourished in post-war days.

Finding a School for a Boy
Joseph H. Odell

The God of Good Bricks
Granville Barker

Where Is Protestantism Going?
Glenn Frank
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A Monthly Magazine Digest Service which circulates to members of the Association

THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION

Publication Office, Floral Park, New York

Editorial Office, Pleasantville, New York

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25c a copy; \$3.00 a year

Entered as second class matter Oct. 4, 1922, at the Post Office at Floral Park, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Address all communications to The Reader's Digest Association, Pleasantville, N. Y.

The Reader's Digest

*"An article a day" from leading magazines
—each article of enduring value and interest, in condensed, permanent booklet form.*

Vol. 3

MAY 1924

Whole No. 26

Dead and Buried Cities Found Again

Excerpts from *The Mentor* (April '24)

William Bishop

*"The 'Forty-niners' scraped, dug, and burrowed in the earth for gold and silver; today, men are excavating in many ancient sites of human settlement for another kind of wealth—the hidden records of the past. What has been done, and is being done, to open up the treasures in the covered chambers of the earth makes a story of thrilling human interest." Some of the most important results so far achieved are described and pictured in the April number of *The Mentor*.*

WHATEVER the archaeological discovery—whether a single statue, like the Venus of Milo, or the ruins of many cities in strata, each built on the ruins of its predecessor, as at Troy and Carthage—whatever it is and in whatever part of the world, it shows that essentially man has changed little since the earliest period of which we know anything. It is apt to show too that, with all the mechanical advantages of today, the present was more than foreshadowed in forgotten eras. The finest weaves of the Gobelin tapestries were known to the Peruvians who lived before there was history. The drainage system of Crete nearly

four thousand years ago equalled that of present-day cities. The Mayas of Central America perfected 2,500 years ago a calendar which is more accurate than that we use today. . . .

Today one may pass along the streets of luxurious Pompeii that went untrodden for so long; one may enter the houses and see the pictures and libraries as they stood when Vesuvius began its eruption of the year 79 A. D. One looks at the election placards, asking votes as they are asked for nowadays. And in Pompeii the visitor today sees the figures of those who were overtaken. The lava covered them, and when the site was explored plaster was poured into the molds made in the lava by the victims' bodies, and the figures of the dead came back to the dead town.

Men of the West penetrated the jungle which wrapped itself around Angkor and which had been unmolessted for centuries and found this glorious monument of a lost civilization. It lies north of Cambodia, where a city of a million rose and fell before that part of the world came to be known as French Indo-China. The builders of this temple to Indian deities came, conquerors from India, in the fifth century A. D., and hardly was their wonderful tem-

ple—800 feet long and nearly 600 feet wide—finished when Buddhism became the accepted religion and the old gods were forgotten.

The Mayas, whose records came to an end 1,600 years ago, had their cities in Honduras, Yucatan and elsewhere. The comparatively scanty store of information about this oldest North American civilization must be interpreted from the carvings to their gods. Time has done much to destroy; the Spanish did more, burning great quantities of the writings of these heathen. However, it was a Spanish priest that preserved the key to the Maya date inscriptions.

The Mayas were already a great nation, millions strong, when Carthage was destroyed by the Romans in 146 B. C. Here in North Africa was a city that rivaled Rome, and so perished. "Carthage must be destroyed" was the Roman slogan; little was left for us.

There is an older city still, however, and its story is one of the most interesting of all. Heinrich Schliemann, the son of a poor German pastor, in his youth read of Troy in Homer. He told himself he would some day find the site of the city. It seemed unlikely, when he became a grocer's boy; but at 35 he retired with fortune enough to let him hunt for Troy. Men of science told him Troy was only a myth. Schliemann, however, bought the site of the Hill of Hissarlik on the plain of Troy, and in 1871 started digging. He found not only Troy but also half a dozen other cities besides, buried in the hill which had grown larger through thousands of years, as one city was built on the site of another. He brought out the bodies of old kings buried in armor of gold, cups and goblets of silver and gold, and jewels such as Helen of Troy wore.

Professor R. E. S. Macalister recently found the northern wall of old Jerusalem and near it a water shaft which goes back for 5,000 years, as was proved to the expert

by pottery recognizably of 3000 B. C. In that dry region a site with water was half the citadel, if enemies besieged. King David wanted such a site; the Jebusites had it in their city, Jerusalem. Their spring was below the hill on which the town sat. They had dug a tunnel system, with shafts leading down like wells or with steps. This was the water course that David had in mind when he said, "Whosoever smiteth the Jebusites, let him go by the water course." This find shows that Jerusalem had been a town of importance, because of its water, for 2,000 years before the time of David, who captured it about 1000 B. C.

In Mesopotamia there are countless mounds which once were walls and cities built of clay bricks. Last year a stamped brick was found in one mound identifying the location of Kish, the long-disputed city which was the capital of the first empire known to history—the same Kish which was reputed to be the first kingdom established after the Flood. The discoveries here go back 7,000 years.

In 1811, Gaston Maspero, the eminent French Egyptologist, came upon an illuminated royal ritual which, when deciphered, showed him that he was on the track of a tremendous discovery. He learned that the papyrus had been bought at Thebes. Through rewards and pressure he found the thieving natives who had located the hiding place to which the mummies of kings and queens were removed in old Egypt that they might be safe from robbers who had found their original tombs. Doubtless no scientist ever felt a greater thrill than Maspero when, following a native, he dropped down a 40-foot shaft at the base of a cliff near Thebes—an entrance hidden for centuries by a boulder, but penetrated in the end by the Arab pilferers. Today the story of the Valley of the Kings is familiar to every newspaper reader, thanks to Tutankhamen.

How I Became "Dr. Thompson"

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (April 5, '24)

Harry T. Brundige

I AM a doctor. I have a diploma and can come into your town and practice medicine and surgery, taking money from a gullible public and burying mistakes. I am a doctor, yet I have never attended classes in a medical school, for I am a quack—a product of the national medical diploma mill. The grist from this mill is to be found in every State in the Union, in Mexico, the Central American and South American countries, and in Asia and Africa.

Twenty-five thousand "graduates" of the mill are practicing in the United States, according to Professor William P. Sachs of St. Louis, former State examiner of schools in Missouri. Sachs ought to know. In a signed confession which he recently gave the writer and St. Louis authorities he admitted having been a member of the national diploma ring from 1911 to 1923, in which period he alone provided fraudulent high-school certificates and other educational credits for 5,000 persons who became "doctors of medicine" by way of the diploma mill.

Suppose some time when there was sickness in your house, you happened, while seeking a good doctor, to get a quack. Picture what the result might be. Or, consider what befell A. C. Hoody of Unionville, Conn. Hoody mangled his finger in a punch-press machine. I. B. Cook, a worker at an adjoining machine escorted Hoody to a doctor. The "doctor"—B. M. Sutcliffe—said amputation was necessary. He strapped Hoody to the operating table, opened four half-pound cans of ether, improvised a mask of gauze, and instructed Cook in the use of the anesthetic. Cook, under Sutcliffe's direction, poured ether into his friend's face while Sutcliffe hacked away. The first

joint was cut away, and Sutcliffe, not satisfied, removed the second joint. When he had finished his work three and a half cans of ether had been consumed and Hoody was dead. He is survived by a widow and a baby, eight months old.

Sutcliffe recently confessed to Governor Templeton and this writer that he was a "mill-made doctor." He has since been convicted of manslaughter. The licenses of 173 other "doctors" have also been revoked in Connecticut, and the official investigation is still in progress in that state, as well as in California, New York, Massachusetts, Colorado, Arkansas and Missouri.

Mechanics, drug clerks, actors, bartenders, street car motormen, prize-fighters—men from all walks of life—enter the mill and come out doctors of medicine. Think of being treated by me—a newspaper reporter who became a doctor in 57 days and a doctor of chiropractic in 72 hours.

My medical qualifications cost \$1,350, but the price of my chiropractic diploma, together with charts and a course of instruction, was but \$89.50. In articles that are to follow Collier's will present the complete story of the diploma mill ring and its international ramifications. But first I will tell you the story of how I became "Dr. Harry Thompson, D.C., M.D."

On August 6, 1923, the managing editor of the St. Louis "Star" said to me: "I have been told of the existence of a medical diploma mill that has thrived for years. Efforts to expose it have been unsuccessful. We have one clew: Dr. Robert Adcox of St. Louis is supposed to be a member of the ring. Go get that story, but don't come back until you have gone through the mill."

I dropped my surname and, using my two given names, became "Harry Thompson." A friend gave me a job as a coal salesman, and I moved to quarters just two doors west of Dr. Adcox. While I pondered over the course to pursue, fate took a hand and dealt me a case of tonsillitis. There was no "M.D." sign on the Adcox house, but the letter carrier solved the problem. Dr. Adcox was on his veranda when the mail man arrived. "Can you tell me where the nearest doctor lives?" I called out. "Right there," and he pointed to Dr. Adcox.

The doctor painted my tonsils and told me to return the next day. The following noon I presented myself. We discussed the coal business, and I tossed out the first bait: I complained of slow sales and told Dr. Adcox that I envied him; that I had always been ambitious to be a doctor. The wily old doc took the bait. "You're a bright young fellow, Harry," he said. "Drop in any time, for I enjoy talking with you."

Interesting visits followed. One day he asked: "Harry, why don't you become a doctor?" "Impossible," I answered. "I'm almost 30 years old, didn't even finish high school, and certainly could not start the study of medicine at my age."

"Bunk, Harry, my boy, bunk! You wouldn't have to go to school to become a doctor—not for more than a few months, anyway, and so far as the high-school education is concerned I can get a high-school diploma from any one of a dozen sources. How much money have you saved?"

"About \$1,200." "Would you spend it to become a doctor?" "I certainly would." "Then, Harry, you're as good as one right now, for I'll certainly make you a doctor." "How can you do that?" I asked. "Aha, Harry, a good magician never reveals how he does his tricks. Be ready to go to Kansas City with me tomorrow night."

In Kansas City the old doc presented me to Dr. Ralph Voigt, the "master mind" of the ring. "Ralph,

can we make this bird a doctor?" "I'll say we can," Dr. Voigt answered. "He certainly looks brighter than the last one you brought up here. What was he—a bartender?"

"The first thing we will do," said Dr. Voigt, "is to get you a high-school diploma. Then we'll obtain certified credits showing that you attended the freshman, sophomore, and junior classes at the Maryland University School of Medicine. After that we'll enroll you as a senior at the Kansas City College of Medicine and Surgery."

"Can't I get by without going to school?" "Well," replied Dr. Voigt, "inasmuch as you don't know a thing about medicine you ought to put in a few months of study—but we'll see."

"What is it going to cost me?" Dr. Voigt, who had had a private conference with Dr. Adcox, replied: "About \$1,200."

"By the way," Dr. Voigt said, "you might work the chiropractic racket while you are attending school. I'll get you a diploma and when you come up here to start in school you can hang out your shingle, and catch a lot of suckers—enough to pay expenses, anyway."

"But I don't know a thing about chiropractic!"

"I'll arrange that," Dr. Voigt laughed. "You can learn all you have to know in two hours—can't he Adcox?" . . . I agreed to become anything, and Dr. Voigt replied that before they got through with me they would give me enough diplomas and degrees to cover the wall of my future office.

Returning to St. Louis, I opened a checking account under the name of Harry Thompson. I made out a check for \$600, payable to Dr. Voigt and had it certified. Later, I handed it to Dr. Voigt in his office in Kansas City. He looked at it and scowled. "Why give me this kind of a check? Why didn't you make it out to Bear-er? Now I've got to sign the damned thing."

Innocently, I offered to take it
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The Crimes of Coal

Condensed from *The World's Work* (April '24)

Carl G. Dickey

EVERY big strike in American industry has been accompanied by murder and violence, but in all the annals of labor disputes no match can be found for the lawlessness accompanying the coal strike of 1922. There was violence and intimidation in every state where coal was mined. Thousands of union miners marched upon mines and demanded cessation of operations. Every effort was made to encourage a strike of railway shopmen in the hope that it would cut the car supply for non-union coal. In the article preceding this I quoted United Mine Workers, both in word and deed, to the effect that their intention was to have a monopolistic control of the labor in all coal mines. This means that the union could dictate to the mine operators and to the public what the price of coal should be. The facts in this article will show that in endeavoring to complete their monopoly the United Mine Workers consider their cause above and beyond all law. They are prepared to adopt revolutionary methods of warfare to gain their ends.

Admitting in full measure all claims that the miners make concerning the undue influence of the coal companies in local and state government, let us examine some of the results of endeavoring to rectify abuses by machine-gun rather than by ballot box.

The coal strike of 1922 marked a new era in violence—for the first time the violence took on the aspect of planned warfare. Little armies were organized, arms and ammunition supplied, and even a quartermaster department provided. There is a significant change in this. It shows an organized, deliberate intention to resort to arms, in other words

revolution, in the apparent belief that if the mine operators can be defeated in war, the county, state, and federal forces for the maintenance of law, from governors to courts, may be largely ignored.

The danger of a monopoly of labor in the coal fields is not lessened by the signing of the new three-year contract between the United Mine Workers and the operators of the Central Competitive Field which, of course, means that the contracts in virtually every other union field will be extended for the same period and at the highest rates of pay ever prevailing in the bituminous industry. It may now be expected that the United Mine Workers will redouble efforts to capture the non-union fields of West Virginia. Under this new long-term agreement the union's depleted funds may be recouped through the check-off of union dues, and before the favorable contract expires the Mine Workers will have millions for unionization campaigns.

The Herrin massacre occurred on June 22nd, and was followed directly by a series of violent attacks upon other mines in Ohio and Pennsylvania. There is no doubt but that union miners were emboldened by the immunity enjoyed by the Herrin rioters. . . . The worst of these outrages occurred at Cliftonville, West Virginia, where 600 or 700 men killed Sheriff Duval, attempted to slay the armed guards and non-union miners, and succeeded in firing the tippie and damaging other mine property. The union miners traveled miles over a mountain ridge to attack this mine in the attempt to prevent it from producing coal during the strike; they could not excuse their violence on the ground that their lives and liberties were threat-

ened by armed guards. Their sole aim was to stop coal production. Nor did they resort to peaceful means in the beginning; their first and only attempt was made with rifles, dynamite and the torch.

The nucleus of the attacking force assembled at Avella, Pennsylvania, under the command of the Avella local of the United Mine Workers. As they marched on the way to the attack, the armed miners were joined by the union men from five other locals. The superintendent of a Pennsylvania mine telephoned a warning to Cliftonville, but a short time later the telephone wires were cut, so that the superintendent at Cliftonville was unable to get a call through for the West Virginia state police.

Although the attack was planned for two o'clock in the morning, the commanding officers did not have their men ready by that hour. While plans were being perfected, the shivering miners lay for hours in the cold and darkness, while Jamaica ginger was passed around to tune the courage of the men to the proper pitch. A blast from an improvised cannon, aimed at the company store, woke up the women and children in the camp and cries resounded through the darkness. It was a night of terror for them—such a night of terror as American pioneers experienced during Indian warfare.

At dawn, wild battle cries in many foreign languages summoned the force to the attack, and the rioters surged down upon the mine buildings in waves. The first wave carried rifles; the second had pistols and smaller weapons; and the third wave carried clubs, stones, and torches to fire the buildings. . . . The battle raged for nearly an hour. Some of the guards were driven down the conveyor shaft, and the attackers fired its top, burning an American flag which they had planted upon its brow. Failing in their attempt to enter the main buildings, the union men attempted to fire some of the houses, but accurate gunnery drove them away there. Sheriff Duval left

the mine buildings and entered the woods on the hilltop, hoping to flank the retreating force and capture some of the leaders to add to the band of 15 prisoners already taken by the deputies. When the attack was over, the deputies found the body of the sheriff in the woods, horribly mutilated by scores of charges from rifles. Near his body were the bodies of two union miners. He was a "two gun" sheriff of the old type represented in Western fiction. His record was quite a different story from that at Herrin, where Sheriff Thaxton did not attempt to stop the violence and for his breach was honored by the union miners by election to the more lucrative post of county treasurer! At least six, and possibly nine, union miners lost their lives in the attack.

A detachment of state police rushed to Cliftonville and nearly 200 men were arrested. Trials were quickly held. Four members of the union were sentenced to ten years each in the state penitentiary after a hard-fought defense financed by the United Mine Workers of America. Seven others, including one union officer, pleaded guilty, and were sentenced for from four to eight years. The cases against the men were so conclusive because of the swift action of the authorities charged with the enforcement of the law that the attorneys for the defense handed over more than 30 members of the United Mine Workers, who pleaded guilty and accepted prison terms of three years each. Among the 30 were 6 union officers. . . . Cliftonville was a stern and costly lesson to the union rioters in the strike of 1922. There was little more violence, either in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, or elsewhere, when it became apparent that punishment awaited those who made murder the price of coal.

Such crimes as Herrin and Cliftonville weaken the cause of the union. There can be no further discussion of the merits of the cause of any organization when it abandons orderly methods of procedure and seeks to force its economic views upon the

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A Catholic View of Religious America

Excerpts from The Century Magazine (April '24)

Hilaire Belloc

IN the United States there is no such regional division between

Protestants and Catholics as is found in Europe. The main of the country's tradition is Protestant, and even Puritan. There is in the United States no distinction by district between a Catholic and a Protestant culture. The culture of the whole is Protestant; the Catholic element, comparatively recent as a weighty factor, is a dispersed minority controlling far less than its numerical share of wealth and influence. It is weak or almost unknown in vast agricultural districts, and powerful and sometimes overwhelming in the great towns.

Here, then, is a setting together of elements quite different in pattern from what rules in Europe; a system which you may find in certain small districts of Europe, but not in Europe as a whole. The Protestant capitals of Europe are aware of the Catholic capitals; the two spiritual forces in Europe are polarized, and reactions between the two camps are continual and active. There are no Catholic capitals in the United States.

The United States presents a religious contrast to Europe in the fact that its religious experience is isolated; that the reaction of Catholic culture upon Protestant is hardly felt. Certain consequences of religious difference which we in Europe have known for generations and allowed for are, in the United States, hitherto unknown, have but recently appeared, are still novel, and as yet not fully analyzed. Of these by far the most important—so much the most important that it covers all that is worth noting in the field—is the necessary conflict between the civil state and the Catholic Church where the two are not identified.

The Catholic Church is in its root principle at issue with the civic definition both of freedom and of authority. By the definition which is the very soul of Catholicism, religion must be for the Catholic, first, a supreme authority superior to any claims of the state; secondly, a corporate thing, and not an individual thing; thirdly, a thing dependent upon authority, and not upon a personal mood; fourthly, a guaranty of individual freedom in all that is not of the faith.

The religion of the Catholic is essentially an acceptance of all that proceeds from the authoritative voice of the church. For the Catholic, it is not he himself, it is the church which can alone discover, decide, affirm. Moreover, the Catholic regards that which is so decided and affirmed as good and salutary, forming the only home of the human race, outside which are but puerilities or despairs, and he regards that which denies or combats such affirmation as evil in its consequences and destructive to the right ordering of man. Lastly, the Catholic instinctively feels his right of personal choice in all that is not defined by creed: for example, in the matter of food and drink.

Now, it is clear that between this attitude and the attitude of a non-Catholic state which proposes "tolerance" (that is, the definition of all religion as an individual concern), there is conflict. For tolerance means indifference to those acts and doctrines which the state treats as private, coupled with enforcement of certain acts and doctrines which the state insists upon treating as universal.

Up to the present day the position of the Catholic in the United States

has insecurely fitted in with this modern conception of tolerance, through the fact that the action of the state, where its dogmas differed from Catholic dogma, was mainly negative and permissive.

But such a state of affairs cannot be permanent, and to prove that it cannot be permanent I will give two examples. . . . It may well come about at any moment that the state may pass a law compelling those who have the guardianship of human beings incapable beyond a certain degree to see to the removal of those human beings. The state may take it for granted as a universal doctrine, to be held and enforced upon all citizens that the preservation of imbecile or imperfect life, much more its continuance from one generation to another by the propagation of children, is destructible to society; and it may order that these unfortunate beings be placed in what is called the lethal chamber.

Now, for a Catholic to act in this fashion is, by Catholic definition, murder; and, what is more, any action supporting or even permitting this thing is also from the Catholic point of view murder. If A is a Catholic receiving an order to put out of life the imbecile B, he not only commits murder if he obeys, but he commits murder if he hands over the imbecile B to the state official C, who he knows will so act. More, he will be committing murder if he does not do everything in his power to prevent the official C from carrying out the law.

I have chosen this extreme example because it is particularly illuminating. But I can give much nearer instances. A law forbidding a minister of religion to marry two people unless they were certificated by medical or other authority would not, and could not, be obeyed in the Catholic community; nor a law in any way artificially restricting the birth of children.

It has already been proposed, and may at any time become law in cer-

tain parts of the United States, that a parent should be forbidden to send his child to any but one particular type of school agreeable to the state, and shall be compelled to send his child to that school. Such a law no Catholic would obey; for, by Catholic definition, it is the parent who should decide upon the education of the child, not the state.

In general, that conflict with which Europe is acquainted to the full, and which has filled the history of two thousand years from the time of Nero to our own, is inevitable.

Now, we in Europe, being so familiar with this, taking it for granted, and knowing that the conflict is always potentially present, arrange for it in various ways: by certain compromises and anomalies in one time; by vigorous persecution in other times; by accepting corporate union between the faith and the civil power. In all these ways the strain is resolved or postponed, and an equilibrium, stable or unstable, preserved. But no one can know the United States without admitting that when the conflict shall there arise, an equilibrium will not be established or preserved, for the conflict will be novel and will seem monstrous. On the one side you have a plain affirmation that the law is the law and must be obeyed, and indignant surprise on the rejection of what seems so obvious and universal a rule. On the other you have, as you have had throughout history, resistance to and denial of that rule.

The chief political problem presented by religion has, then, still to be solved in the New World. What the result will be certainly no foreigner could attempt to predict. But presented the problem certainly will be, and in one or other of the many fashions, stable or unstable, more or less tragic, it will have to be solved.

Shall the Law Be Respected?

Condensed from Hearst's International (April '24)

Gifford Pinchot

The following excerpts from Governor Pinchot's article present an aspect of the subject which has not been covered previously in the Digest.

THE Volstead Act would have been respected if Washington itself had respected it. Instead the word went down the line that nobody need be afraid to violate it because the determination of the administration to enforce it was not very sincere. The result has been just what we might have expected. Politics has taken charge of enforcement. Men have been appointed to execute the law who were themselves against it. The National Civil Service Reform League said in a letter to President Coolidge the other day that "the prohibition enforcement service is honey-combed with the most unmitigated scoundrels in the world" and that the administration of the law is "ineffectual, blind-eyed and blackmailing." It is common belief in Pennsylvania—and I share the belief—that certain agents of the Federal Department not only wink at violation of the law but are serving as collectors of the \$6 or \$7 a barrel graft money paid by brewers for immunity.

It is nonsense to say that this government cannot enforce the Volstead Act if it wants to do so. If bootleggers could not buy, they could not sell. Obviously, the first thing Washington should therefore do is to shut off the bootleggers' supply, most of which is wholly within the control of the national government. A federal permit is required to produce alcohol. All whisky and alcohol in storage is solely under federal control and cannot be moved without a federal permit. The government

has a strangle-hold on every domestic source of supply.

The government is not using its power. It is permitting the abuse of permits. Illegal beer could not exist if breweries were not violating their federal permits. Don't say that it is impossible to supervise so many breweries. Even if it were, the thing to do would be to reduce the number of licensed breweries to the point where they could be supervised.

Much so-called whisky is made from denatured alcohol, which is redistilled to take out most if not all of the poisonous matter. Denatured alcohol permits are being misused. Here are figures covering releases by federal permits of denatured alcohol in Philadelphia:

Year ending June 30, 1921...	380,818 gals.
Year ending June 30, 1922...	975,353 gals.
Year ending June 30, 1923...	2,359,756 gals.

Does anyone suppose that the use of perfumes and flavoring extracts has increased to such an extent? Such increased withdrawals in Philadelphia and elsewhere account for much of the whisky flood.

Shut off the domestic supply of illegal alcoholic beverages. That is the first thing to do. The Federal Government has never yet done it, but it can do it any time that it wants to. It should do it now. The constitution requires that the President enforce the law.

No law is likely to be well enforced if subordinates are appointed who do not believe in it. Counterfeiting might be as thriving an industry as bootlegging if counterfeiters were appointed to the secret service to stop counterfeiting. . . . It is a scandal and an outrage that in many states politics is still in league with liquor. The state and federal machines in Pennsylvania are

still wet. For years the liquor power and the Republican party were side partners in Pennsylvania. For years liquor has paid the bills of the dominant party in state after state throughout the country. Liquor never pays anything without expecting to get something.

The states have a proper function in the enforcement of the Volstead Act, but they can not stop the illegal sale of liquor so long as the national government permits them to be flooded with booze. To flood states with great consignments of illegal alcoholic beverages and then expect the states to find and close each place in which the liquor is sold is not the way to enforce the law. It is like throwing a pound of shot on the floor and expecting us to pick it up, grain by grain.

The failure of Washington wholeheartedly to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment and the consequent emboldenment of a minority to defy it have converted the prohibition question into a law-enforcement problem. We are on trial before the world to determine if we are a law-abiding people. Our capacity for self-government is involved. The minority who are violating the law are holding us up to the contempt of the world. No people are worthy of respect who have so little veneration for law and so little self-restraint that they will obey only such laws as they happen to approve. The minority who are challenging the Eighteenth Amendment are heaping upon America the deepest disgrace that ever has come to it. It is time to put a stop to this scandal. And it is time that the national government used its full powers to enforce the law and vindicate the constitution.

In a democratic republic the proper vocation for an aggrieved minority is in winning over to itself enough adherents to make a majority while continuing to obey the law so long as it is the law. Play the game. Keep faith. Obey the rules. In no other way may a people long govern themselves. Once tolerate minority

rule, and the minority may soon whittle itself down to one or a few. No law can please everybody. One might think that the laws against murder would be an exception, but they are not. Murderers refuse to play the game of life according to the rules. They are in a minority, but the majority does not grant them the right to be exempt from the operations of the laws against murder. Nor do we excuse forgers, swindlers or any other kind of evil-doer whose classification in the social order is generally recognized. Which is but another way of saying that when this time of transition shall have passed—when time and events shall have made plain the determination of the majority that no minority shall have the right to violate the 18th Amendment—those who violate it will be held to a strict social and legal accountability.

Meanwhile, those who indulge themselves, are violating the law, are stabbing in the back their country. *Do they never consider that every drop of liquor they buy illegally comes to them tainted with some man's perjury, some man's forgery, some man's bribery, or perhaps with all of these crimes? How many men, if they stopped to think, would pay a fellow man to break a law? We know there are some, but what do we think of such men? Do we not regard them as the lowest of the low—more cowardly than if they broke the laws themselves?*

How much longer can men respect themselves who illegally buy alcoholic beverages, when they know what they are doing? What man who violates the law can escape the consciousness that he himself is as guilty as the man he hires to break the law? Men who want to respect themselves must soon choose between their appetites and their desire to do right. This is not a mere difference of opinion about prohibition. I seldom use the word prohibition. It is a matter of law-enforcement. It is a question of whether a minority in America will or will not voluntarily obey the law. It is that and nothing else.

Real Aid for the Farmer

Condensed from The Forum (April '24)

William Sweet, Governor of Colorado

I BELIEVE that nothing will do more to provide the farmer with facilities for distributing and selling his products at a profit than cooperative marketing. Denmark has proved what can be done by united action. The farmers of California are the most prosperous in the country because they have worked together. This plan has been found satisfactory wherever it has been universally and scientifically tried. The principle of cooperative marketing is economically sound, and when the farmer uses this method he is only following the same practice which many other lines of business, as well as organized labor, have adopted.

Thus sugar, for instance, is marketed cooperatively by the sugar refiners. Occasionally they cut prices, but as a rule there is a complete understanding between them. Sugar is produced in Louisiana, in Java, in Cuba, in Porto Rico, in Central America, and many other countries. It is manufactured from sugar beets in the Rocky Mountain region and elsewhere, but the consumer pays the New York price for sugar, no matter where it is grown and refined. The eastern brokers and refiners fix the price, and the method is, to all intents and purposes, cooperative marketing. The same thing holds true of the production and marketing of copper.

When it comes to labor, collective bargaining is only another name for cooperative marketing. The working man has nothing to sell but his labor power and he unites with others of his craft in a union, giving his representatives authority to sell his labor power at a certain price.

What cooperative marketing has done in these cases it can also do

for the farmer. He needs to learn that only by maintaining the absolute solidarity of his group can he secure the economic result which he must have in order to continue business. Because the producer markets his products at a loss does not necessarily mean that there is over-production. This might be true if the market were free, but it often is not. Combinations against the producer on the part of the buyers are everywhere evident when agricultural products are ready for the market. Over-production is the favorite smoke screen which the buyer uses to discourage the farmer and behind which he operates until he has bought the farmer's produce, when suddenly the supply becomes contracted and the demand expanded!

Colorado recently passed a cooperative marketing law and provided for a Director of Markets. This law is modelled after the laws of California and Kentucky, and the farmers are rapidly organizing associations in order to avail themselves of the provisions of the law. The Mountain States Beet Growers Association is one of the most active of these organizations and is conducting a vigorous campaign to secure the signatures of the growers to its contracts, for the purpose of bargaining collectively with the sugar company for the sale of beets. Every year has witnessed a long struggle, the end of which has always been marked by the sugar company securing the beets at its own price.

This company, The Great Western Sugar Company, is the second largest industrial corporation in Colorado. Since 1905 it has earned \$75,125,837. The company has never treated the farmer liberally in the price of beets. It has paid only what was necessary

to keep him growing beets. By means of contracts made before planting, it assured the farmer his money and thereby made the banks safe in advancing crop loans. In many cases, the banks would not loan a farmer money on wheat unless he also raised sugar beets.

The farmer has become tired of seeing the company earn an average of more than 20 per cent per annum on its capital since 1905, while the beet growers have scarcely earned seven per cent on a capital many times larger, with much greater risks. The farmer has heretofore regarded himself as being at the mercy of the factory but now the company may find that the farmer is not compelled to grow beets but can grow alfalfa, wheat, corn, and other products for a season or so.

What California has done in fruit, what Wisconsin has done in milk and cheese, what Kentucky has done in tobacco, and what the Southern states have done in cotton, Colorado believes it can do in sugar beets and other products. Every fair-minded business man and worker hopes they will succeed. . . . When farming shows continued losses, every line of business will eventually suffer. The economic condition of the farmer vitally affects the entire community.

Victimizing the Farmer

*Extracts from an article by Arthur Capper,
Senator from Kansas, in The
Forum for April*

Nineteen million people in this country traffic in the products of thirty-four million farmers. These nineteen million get two dollars for every dollar the farmer gets. . . . Secretary Wallace's report says 23 per cent of the farmers in 15 wheat-producing States are either bankrupt or have been saved from actual bankruptcy only by the leniency of their creditors. A million farmers are leaving the farm every year, swarming to the cities. Year after year,

losses break the farm morale and the retreat promises to become a disastrous rout.

For many years the farmer has been the sole big producer who has not had a voice in determining the sale value of his product. He is the only man in business in this country today who must accept what is offered him for his products while compelled to pay what others ask him for their products. As an inevitable result, prices received by the farmer for his products are entirely out of balance with the price of practically everything he must buy. When the farmer takes his dollar to town to buy the few things his restricted income permits, he finds it worth but 75 cents in terms of other commodities.

The "spread" in cost between producer and consumer is entirely too great. In a large measure this "spread" results from a wasteful, inefficient marketing system which leaves producer and consumer at the mercy of speculators and profiteers. It is up to this Government to set about reducing these inequalities. . . .

The farmer makes a noise about higher-than-war freight rates because he pays them. He alone of shippers has none to whom he may pass these high costs. He pays the freight—and he pays it both ways.

Economy in government is another fact essential to the farmer's comeback. Tax burdens, national, state, and local, bear heavy upon him. The load is pyramided. He pays his own tax. That adds to his cost of production. As a consumer he pays the manufacturer's and the retailer's tax. That eats voraciously into his slender income.

It is impossible today for the farmer to meet business or labor on an equal basis. All he asks is like privileges with labor and business. The farm problem can not be solved until he is given a voice in determining the price of his product.

Reader's Digest Service

He Takes the Part of Christ

Condensed from *Woman's Home Companion* (April '24)

Bruce Barton

NEARLY 300 years ago, in 1633, a plague spread through Central Europe, killing tens of thousands. Up to the time of the Kirchweih Fest, one of the principal celebrations of the year, the village Gau had been spared, due probably to the fact that the mountains around it act as a natural barrier against the outer world. A careful quarantine had been maintained, but Caspar Schusler (whose name has come down in the annals of the town with the same unhappy significance which attaches to the name of Benedict Arnold with us) could not resist the temptation of this feast. He had been at work all summer on the other side of the mountains. Although it meant exposing his family and fellow townsmen to the possibility of infection, he smuggled himself through the passes and down into the village. On the following Monday he was dead, a victim of the plague which he had carried into the households of his friends.

The destruction spread from home to home until the very extinction of the town was threatened. In desperation the people threw themselves upon the mercy of God. Utterly humbled they knelt together in a solemn promise that if the plague should pass they would prove their gratitude by a performance of the tragedy of Christ's Passion, the presentation to be repeated every ten years to the end of time. . . . Beginning with 1680 the performances were placed on an even decennial basis; and with one single interruption, in a year when an edict of the emperor forbade all religious plays, they have continued down to the present day.

So Oberammergau has become a town unlike any other in the world.

In common with others it has its simple industries of wood-carving, toy-making and pottery. Yet there is an unusual atmosphere in the streets and homes of which even the casual visitor is conscious. For the heart of the village is the Passion Play; to it all other interests and ambitions are subordinate. At the age when our children are enjoying Little Red Riding Hood the youngsters of Oberammergau are learning Bible stories and lisping the lines of miracle plays which are put on as a sort of training school.

In that atmosphere Anton Lang grew up. He was on the stage almost from infancy, beginning with unimportant parts in the Passion Play. Two years before the performance of 1900 the town council selected him to play the part of the Christ. His body shook with emotion as he received the news. Even in his dreams he had not dared to hope for this honor. . . .

In an amateur way I have been a collector of faces—a hobby which I commend for its interest and its inexpensiveness. Someone, in talking to Seward, I think, remarked that no man is responsible for his face. And Seward answered positively, "The man of 50 is responsible for his face." God starts us out with no tell-tale marks—a scroll, soft and responsive and unspoiled. And day by day we scratch upon it the record of our thoughts and acts. The deep lines of sorrow; the haunting lines of fear; the ugly lines of greediness, and the bitter, repellent lines which proclaim aloud our secret shames. "Out of the fullness of the heart the tongue speaketh"; and by the workings of the heart the face is stamped. . . . So all the evening that I spent with Anton Lang in New York I had

difficulty in keeping my eyes away from his face. More than once he caught my glance and his lips parted in a spontaneous smile. A very wonderful smile—frank, wholly lacking in consciousness, tender, affectionate. The smile of a man who has trusted the world and, in spite of trial and disappointment and war, has found it good. The smile of a man who has taken the part of Jesus.

"Surely it has been a tremendous influence on you," I said to him. "Thirty years of thinking what He would do; what He would say; how He would think; how He would move and act." With marvelously appealing simplicity, and without the slightest trace of affectation or self-consciousness, he answered, "I have tried to live the life."

Ask a hundred men to give you their conception of how Jesus would look and act if He were to visit the world in these days and you will receive a hundred contradictory answers. As I sat that evening with this man, it came over me with a certain thrill that here was an answer not in words but in flesh and blood, in a face, a smile, the sparkle of the eyes, the rich inflections of a voice, the wonderful companionship.

There are people to whom it seems sacrilegious to suggest that Jesus had a lot of fun out of living. Yet the record is perfectly clear on that point. To be sure, He had His great silences, His agony in Gethsemane and the bitter torture of the cross. But most of the days of which we have any record were very joyous days; and between the lines of the narrative you can hear, if you listen reverently, the rich full note of His laugh. He was the most popular dinner guest in Jerusalem; the Gospels tell us again and again that "a certain man desired Him to eat at his house." . . . He was the great Companion; and if He lived again, a great Companion He would be. . . .

"Your city overwhelms me a bit," exclaimed this simple, kindly man. "You are so hurried; so worried; you want so many things that are so unnecessary. In my little village

we have few things. A living, and the love of our families, and our work, and faith and God. Just a few very simple things, but they are enough." . . . As he said it you could almost imagine you heard another voice. The voice which said: "Martha thou art troubled about many things. But one thing is needful." . . .

On my way home I picked up a newspaper. It was full of the news of controversies in the churches. The reports sounded very harsh and stupid as contrasted with the quiet conversation, and the simple faith, of the man whom I had left. I suspect that it is because we are so young at the business of living, such amateurs, that we quarrel so often. Some day we shall be older, wiser, able to see much more clearly. We shall realize how few are the fundamental things, and how foolish it is to waste any of the little span of life in quarrels over the non-essentials. Only yesterday our ancestors were savages; only in the last century has any large proportion of the race made the magnificent leap from illiteracy. Science has only just begun to teach us its great lessons of humbleness and tolerance and an unwillingness to be too positive about the facts that can never be wholly clear.

Somehow in our groping we have got confused as to what He really was and taught. Men talk as though it were very difficult to be His friend—a strained relation, unnatural, joyless, demanding a renunciation of all that makes life happiest. He did not say so. "My yoke is easy," He said in issuing His invitation; "my burden is light."

To be a fair man in business and a kind man at home; to do the simple tasks in a happy spirit; and to dare to look beyond the horizon in faith that somewhere, somehow there is a Power that provides and cares—this is all He seemed to demand. The man who meets this simple test is on the winning side. His is the great companionship; he takes the part of Jesus.

An International Clearing House

Condensed from the American Review (Mar.-April, '24)

Raymond B. Fosdick

ANYONE who is apprehensive about the effectiveness of the League of Nations would find his doubts largely removed by a visit to Geneva. In the vast building of the Secretariat are gathered the experts of 40 nations, each contributing his point of view to the common discussion. Italians are talking across the table to Greeks and Slavs; Englishmen and Brazilians and Chinese are working out the details of some new understanding; Danes and Siamese and Canadians are arguing the merits of a proposed convention—and adjourning for dinner at the end of the day so that the discussion can be continued over a friendly board.

The League of Nations represents a method of continuous international conference. It is a process by which the nations of the world can gather together at any time to discuss any problem of international bearing. It provides not only for the centralization and coordination of international machinery, but for its orderly and systematic development. That is why it is so great an advance over the old order of spasmodic conferences.

The bare list of League conferences is evidence of the success of the new technique. The League's Council has held 27 sessions. The International Labor Conference, with representatives from 54 nations, held its fifth conference in 1923. The passport conference, attended by 22 nations, was called to promote the expedition of international travel. Forty-three nations met to clear the channels of international business. Thirty-five nations met to consider the international financial situation. Thirty nations conferred on methods of suppressing the international traffic in women. Twenty-seven nations considered ways and means of dealing with the international menace of the

typhus epidemic. Thirty-two nations took part in a conference to simplify the formalities of customs procedure. In addition to these more formal gatherings the League has promoted a steady succession of conferences and committee meetings to deal with a great variety of other problems. If anyone cares to delve into the details of these international meetings, let him peruse the file of the Monthly Summary of the League of Nations over the past two years. There he will find a record of international work which marks a new habit in the world, a new technique, a new attempt to substitute team-work and cooperation for misunderstanding and conflict.

But the League is more than a focus of international conferences. It provides the permanent machinery through which the conclusions and recommendations of these conferences can become effective. More than that, it has established a body of expert personnel to assist in the development of international projects. An illustration is afforded by the work that was done for the reconstruction of Austria. The League's financial committee, composed of some of the foremost financiers and economists of the world, was ready at hand for the work. Under the guidance of Sir Arthur Salter, who is permanently attached to the Secretariat and is perhaps the best informed economist in Europe today, the committee accomplished astonishing results. By a series of sound proposals it stabilized the currency of Austria, provided a method for her industrial recovery, and set her well along the road toward complete rehabilitation. This result was possible because for the first time in history the world had at its command the services of highly-special-

ized machinery adapted to an international emergency.

What was done for Austria is now being done for Hungary. A similar approach, too, has been made to a great number of humanitarian difficulties which are beyond the power or resources of any one nation to deal with, as, for example, the problem of Russian refugees in Europe, and the problems of the refugees from the Near East. All these various questions are in charge of a group of experts, men chosen without regard to nationality, solely with regard to their individual fitness. Problems such as the reconstruction of Austria and Hungary, the division between states of hydro-electric power, the drafting of international transit legislation, even the technical details of disarmament, are not only too continuous and persistent for casual conference but too complicated to be handled other than by experts. International life has reached a stage where its technical problems can be met only by technical scientific study.

In one more important aspect the League has taken its place as a world clearing house. It has become the center of international information and statistics. It publishes the Monthly Bulletin of statistics, and it has compiled a series of studies on international currency, banking and commerce. Never before has such data been brought together within the limits of a public report. The Year-Book on Armaments gives the world significant information unobtainable up to this time. The Treaty Series now contains 500 post-war agreements. Here again is information which, prior to 1914, would have been carefully locked within the strong-boxes of foreign offices. The International Labor Office of the League publishes a whole series of current reports on a vast range of subjects relating to labor and industry. In the field of health, the League is publishing current reports and statistics of immediate importance to public health officials the world over. . . . More

and more the League is becoming the center of international information.

In this connection one more activity of the League should be mentioned. There are in existence over 300 public and semi-public international societies and organizations, covering nearly all phases of international life. Under the Covenant of the League, all such organizations may become affiliated with the League, so that while maintaining their own autonomy, they may share the strength and facilities of the larger group. . . . The League has published five quarterly bulletins, presenting a comprehensive view of this type of international cooperation. Except in a mass of scattered and almost inaccessible reports, this information has never before been available. In the last number of the bulletin we find, for example, accounts of the International Congresses of Military Medicine, the Baltic and White Sea Conference, the International Chamber of Commerce, the International Association for the Promotion of Child Welfare, the Inter-Parliamentary Union, the International Police Commission, and the International Railway Union. Under the careful leadership of Dr. Nitobe of Japan a focus is being provided for all these various activities, and a sense of international cohesiveness is being built into the business of the world. . . .

The establishment of a world clearing house is an impressive step forward in the stabilization of international relations. It is the first scientific attack on the greatest single problem that confronts our generation. For modern invention has bound the world together with a thousand ties and has multiplied a thousandfold the contacts between nations. How can the inevitable friction to which they give rise be allayed? Is there sanity and constructive intelligence enough in the world to meet the challenge of these new conditions?

Upon the answer of these questions depends more than many of us in this generation dream of. That is why all this activity at Geneva—this League of Nations—is so momentous an experiment. Whatever objections may be urged against particular details of its constitution, it is built around an idea which is the hope of the future.

Our Revolution at Home

Condensed from The Forum (April '24)

Richard Boeckel

PROFESSOR T. N. CARVER of Harvard recently made the startling announcement that "the only economic revolution anywhere in the world that amounts to a hill of beans is taking place in this country now." This revolution, all but unnoticed, has already progressed a long way, he said. And it thus far represents only the beginning of a series of economic changes in this country more fundamental than those taking place anywhere else in the world.

His conclusions were based upon the fact that American working men and women in steadily increasing numbers are entering the capitalist class. He cited huge purchases of stock by wage-earners in corporations by which they are employed and the remarkable growth of the new labor banking movement. It is a revolution in the status of the worker, being brought about through saving and investment and education; a revolution which holds out to American labor a real promise of a very substantial share for the future in the control of industry.

Indirectly, the wage-earners of the United States already provide a considerable share of the money and credit resources necessary to the functioning of the nation's industry, through their bank deposits and their premium payments on life insurance. More than two-thirds of the life insurance policies at present in force in this country are held by wage-earners. Since the war, American workers have begun to make direct contributions toward the capital required in industry through purchases of industrial securities. Today there are many corporations in which the combined stockholdings of the employees are worth from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000, and a few in which

these holdings represent larger amounts.

Under the old philosophy of trade unionism, with its emphasis upon the strike as labor's only weapon of last resort, the possibility that workmen might some day come into control of large industrial enterprises through the simple process of investing their savings in corporate securities was never considered. But a new trade union philosophy is rapidly developing in the United States, for which the labor banking movement is largely responsible. It is based upon the idea that labor's collective money power instead of the strike, is the instrument through which the workers will win advancement in the future. It calls for saving and investment to the utmost by the workers.

The labor banking movement has been called the most significant development in the field of labor since the formation of the American Federation of Labor. Its principle significance for the future may be that it provides the starting point for an organized investment movement by the working class. To date the principal effort of the labor banks has been to build up their resources. To this end they have sought to conserve trade union funds in their care by throwing their influence against all unnecessary strikes. At the same time they have taught many thousands of working men the importance of systematic saving. Lately they have turned their attention to the possibilities of systematic investment.

Some conception of the resources that would be available for investment by trade unions, if all industrial disputes could be adjusted without preliminary strikes, may be gained from the fact that the 44-hour week

strike in the printing trades cost the International Typographical Union \$14,498,403 in direct expenditure. This figure does not include losses in wages to the strikers. Yet the printers' strike was not exceptional in its cost.

Professor Carver's observation that "ten cents a day set aside by every worker in a shoe factory will buy that factory or another one like it in a very few years" applies with equal force in other trades. For example, the Typographical Union with an investment of \$14,000,000 (its strike expenditure) and a continuing program of systematic investment by its members, through the competition of its own plants, could be setting the standards for the entire printing industry in a comparatively few years.

The wages paid to the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers are considerably lower than those paid to skilled workers in the building trades and in many other crafts. It is neither the largest nor the richest of American labor organizations. That the financial achievements of the Brotherhood can be duplicated by many other trade unions, under equally capable leadership, is not open to doubt. . . . It established the first investment company, under labor control, for the strategic direction of working-class investment, as an auxiliary to its \$25,000,000 co-operative bank at Cleveland. One of its first transactions was the purchase of the Empire Trust Company of New York, a \$60,000,000 institution. The Brotherhood will assume full control of the bank in June.

The Coal River Collieries Company is a \$2,000,000 corporation owning 6,000 acres of coal lands in the heart of the non-union districts of West Virginia. The stock was sold by the Brotherhood to working-class investors. The company is shipping six to eight carloads of coal to Cleveland daily, which is sold to consumers by the Cleveland Cooperative Coal Company, another labor enterprise. The secretary states: "The first aim of

this company is to mine coal efficiently; accordingly it provides high wages and comfortable homes for its employees, and in return its miners are establishing a record for the efficient production of coal." The company has paid seven per cent on its stock since its organization, and built up a substantial surplus beside. All its miners are members of the United Mine Workers and receive the highest wages paid in the district. Its coal is sold in Cleveland to trade unionists and the general public at \$7 a ton for run of the mine bituminous lump, and \$7.50 for mechanically screened coal.

If similar results on a larger scale may be anticipated as the organized labor investment movement gains headway the consuming public can face the prospect with equanimity. . . . Ten of the twenty labor banks now in successful operation have been established within the last 12 months. Twenty additional banks are being organized. Present indications are that there will be one or more of these institutions in operation in every important industrial center at the end of the next five years. Likewise, the development of organized labor investment, moving slowly in the present, is likely to expand with multiplying rapidity. The limiting factor at present is not a lack of resources among the workers for investment, but the scarcity of men, trusted by labor, who are capable of directing large investment undertakings.

The great fact in connection with the changes that are in progress is that they are coming about without the slightest disturbance to the smooth functioning of the industrial machine. An evolutionary process is leading toward a revolutionary result; namely, ownership and control of the means of production by the workers. To the extent that saving and investment by the workers is systematized and organized the process will be speeded up, possibly coming to its fruition within our own time.

Blessed Be Biography

Condensed from *The Ladies' Home Journal* (April '24)

Harry Emerson Fosdick

THE first motive for reading biography is the sheer delight of it. Nothing on earth is so interesting as people. Whether they are wise or foolish, good or bad, rich or poor, high or low, to one who has seeing eyes folk are an unending source of curiosity and amazement. If anybody does not feel this, if this incredible drama of life with its mysteries, intrigues, plots and counterplots, its loves, temptations, sins, joys, victories and deaths no longer fascinates him, then he will not enjoy biography. Nor anything else either!

When one thinks of the privilege that is waiting in great biographies to know people whom to know living would have been worth a king's ransom, but could not have been bought at any price, to read their letters, to see their mistakes, to know their love affairs, to watch them deal with their handicaps, work out their philosophies of life, meet their sorrows, face their advancing age, and fall on death, one wonders why even people who want nothing but entertainment read the trivial trash that the presses grind out while such a rich feast of human interest is awaiting them.

Another reason for reading biography is that it supplies a knowledge of history in most palatable form. Give us biographies of the leading characters in whose stormy lives the conflict of some generation found expression, and we will live the period again with an interest vivid as a novel could create. After all, that is the only way to know history at its core—to see it from the viewpoint of the actors, to feel the play of their motives, the thrill of their success and the dull thud of their disillusionments. Men are the points of focus

where a generation's experience comes into the light, and there is the place to see history in the making.

Bonapartism is a historic movement over which I can no longer be excited, but when Philip Guadella writes *The Second Empire*, a fascinating biography of Napoleon III, he produces a work whose breathless interest is as engrossing as would be a newly discovered thriller by Dumas.

One reason for this ability of a good biography to mediate a vivid understanding of long-past events is that human nature is the most constant thing we know. Economic situations, philosophies, scientific systems, and practical circumstances shift and change in endless transmutation. But human nature changes little, if at all. We are living in an altogether different world from Tutenkhamun's, but we are not so very different from Tutenkhamun himself. Could we know his life, the motives that drove him, his loves, fears, sins, remorse, joys, handicaps and hopes, we should recognize a continuum of human nature between ourselves and him which all the changed circumstances could not conceal. When, therefore, we read history in the abstract we often feel far from home; but when we read history through biography we are as intimately introduced into the inwardness of events as though we had participated in them ourselves. . . . The fun of history is living it all over again in the lives of the men who made it.

A third motive for enjoying biography is that it will give to the average reader an intelligible introduction to the world's great music, literature and art. We must get at the man before we will get at his

work. Read Harper's life of Wordsworth and intersperse the reading of the poems as they were written out of the moods and insights which developed with the author's changing circumstances and thought, and see if reading poetry through biography is not an open door into a new and rewarding realm. Read the brief summary of Cooper's life by William Lyon Phelps in his *Makers of American Literature* and see if even *The Last of the Mohicans* does not gain in interest. And there is a whole series of *English Men of Letters*, edited by John Morley, purchasable for a song and waiting to put biographical setting behind the poems, novels, essays, dramas, that are the glory of Anglo-Saxon speech.

The application of this biographical approach to music and to painting may not be so obvious, but it is there. Even the symphony programs recognize this and tell the audience something of the composers which adds human interest to the evening's music. Who does not know Millet's canvases? But read Julia Cartwright's life of him and you will love them better. . . . Here at our hands is a kind of book that millions of people never touch, and yet to those who know the secret talisman a way is opened by this neglected road into a new world where even unpoetical souls find interest in poetry, and musical ignoramuses are helped to enjoy music, and eyes artistically dull find fresh significance in art.

Perhaps the innermost service which the reading of biography does for a man consists in giving him a wide perspective around his own life's problems. A man who has read many biographies has lived vicariously through many lives. Biography makes a man feel at home with anything that can happen to him. It keeps him from being too much surprised by any problem or calamity that fate may present him with. And it is challenging and tonic to discover that many a man whose achievement has seemed so spontaneous that we en-

vied him his ease and fluency of output was in fact a handicapped man making good in a hard place. We gain a new interest in Watt when we think of him, not simply as a great inventor but as a man sickly of body, starving on eight shillings a week and saying, "Of all things in life there is nothing more foolish than inventing."

It is this unknown side to notable lives that makes the reading of biography so valuable a voyage of discovery. We know Whittier the Quaker poet, whose gentle hymns we sing, but do we know Whittier the vehement young reformer, disguised in a wig, trying to save his effects from a mob sacking the Abolitionists' headquarters in Philadelphia? We know Francis Parkman the historian, whose stories of the California and Oregon Trail are unsurpassable, but do we know Francis Parkman, almost blind, running his pencil along the wire screen that covered his manuscript in order that he might write legibly?

It is not alone the endless human interest of thus knowing men which makes biography so much the most worth while reading that there is; it is the steady power which all this contributes to a man's own life. He has seen life work out its issues too often to overestimate prosperity or to overemphasize failure. When men attack him he finds himself in good company; when health is troublesome he feels himself in a notable succession of handicapped men who have made good; when temptation comes to unworthy living he is likely to recall the lesson of all biography that no sin is without its Nemesis; and when old age comes he can lift with understanding heart the ancient prayer: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

(Note: In condensing Mr. Fosdick's article a wealth of illustrative material has necessarily been omitted.)

Ramsay MacDonald

Excerpts from Harper's Magazine (April '24)

By a Gentleman With a Duster, Author of *"The Mirrors of Downing Street"*

TO understand Ramsay MacDonald it is necessary to realize that the supreme influence in his life is the memory of a very beautiful and remarkable woman who now lies buried near his cottage home in Scotland.

Margaret Ethel Gladstone was the daughter of a distinguished Scotsman, a Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Institution. He was a fine scholar, and a profound Christian of the orthodox school. His youngest daughter grew up in an atmosphere of serious refinement. One of her uncles was William Thomson, afterward Lord Kelvin, perhaps the most creative man of science of his time. For Professor James Thomson, also a very able man, she cherished a particular devotion which shaped her character. She writes in her diary: "Sat at tea looking at Uncle James."

The influence he had with her never weakened, for he taught her to be true to herself, to keep pure, to follow whatever road it seemed good for her to walk upon. The road she chose was a hard one. She passed from Presbyterianism to the Church of England, and finally from all institutional religion into mysticism which enabled her to feel the Presence of God in the darkness which so often closed about her. She passed from a well-off and refined home, from the friendship of distinguished and agreeable people, to the worst of all the slums of London, and to deep personal intimacy with the most ignorant, the most depressed, but the most heroic people in the British Islands. But it was only after many passionate prayers, and long hours of self-scrutiny, that she came to take that plunge which outraged her fashionable and orthodox friends and cost her even the countenance

of some of her nearest relations.

The two great forces working in the mind of this brilliant and joyous girl, who loved life and could always thank God for the gift of it, was first the staring and piercing pain of millions of unchampioned people all about her, and, second, the writings of Charles Kingsley and Frederick Denison Maurice, who fashioned the principles of Christian Socialism. Into both of these pressures operating on her hesitant spirit entered the invisible influence of Christ, the Reality.

She was now to shock her family dreadfully by seeing virtue in the little group of Socialists seeking to alter the economic conditions of human life. There was nothing hysterical, nor anything morbid and priggish, in this evolution of her character. She was always girlish to the last days of her life, loving laughter and fun, hating sentimentality, going gladly to all innocent pleasures. But she was a realist. The injunction said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and she could not get religious people to take that injunction seriously. Moreover, she found that until she placed herself alongside of those whom she so ardently longed to help, she could neither gain their confidence nor win their affection.

When she went over to Socialism she carried to it her gladness and her mysticism. Her gladness she shared with everybody. Her mysticism remained her sanctuary from the world. "She had within her being a Holy of Holies where she sat alone, and where the presence of her dearest was forbidden. In the long dark nights of late autumn and winter, with the moan of the sea passing over the land, the call of the

night bird flying overhead, and the mass of stars shining above her, she would retire within herself and go out silently to the shore or the moors in quest of something which haunts life like a dim vision of a strange beauty or a confused echo of a far-away melody."

At a meeting of the Pioneer Club in June, 1895, she saw Ramsay MacDonald for the first time. He knew nothing about her, but she had heard of him as an able, forceful, and passionately sincere Socialist, a young Highlander who meant business, and who had taken part in several strike-meetings in Trafalgar Square. A little later she heard that he was a dying man, fighting for the unhappy and sorrowful against the bitter opposition of all the wealth, power, and distinction of London, while an organic disease was remorsefully hastening him toward death.

They met, an instant sympathy ripened swiftly into affection, and they were married in 1896. She believed that her husband was a doomed man, and she consecrated herself to carrying on his work. But into that work she brought a spirit which invigorated the man physically and spiritually. Their house became a center of Socialism. From all parts of the world dreamers and visionaries visited the MacDonalds, and she was ever the center of those gatherings, radiant, inspiring, and beautifully tender. She had passed, to borrow her husband's phrase, from sympathizing with the sufferings of the depressed wage-earners, to sharing their aspirations.

"Today," she would say, "I have met women the latchet of whose shoes I am unworthy to loose; and here I sit in happy comfort, and there they now are toiling, toiling, toiling, without hope or brightness." And, "I want to give people work, and I want to give people leisure." And, "To work for the economic independence of women is to work for the purity of family life." And, "I am interested in housing because I am interested in homing. I want houses for souls as well as for bodies." In her

husband's noble words, "She was a link between the divided sections of society."

At the center of her heart was the faith that human life is a holy thing. To understand her influence in Ramsay MacDonald's career it is important to remember that she believed that human life came from God, and that the whole business of man lies in lifting up the human soul to its predestined height of joy, beauty, and power.

"The only creed worth believing in," she wrote in her diary, "is, God is Love. God, put Thy love into my heart, cleanse it, deepen it, purify and hallow it." . . . So it came to pass that while Ramsay MacDonald toiled all the day at organizing the political forces of trades-unionism, she was out in the bitter streets of Hoxton or the dark courts of White-chapel ministering to women and children. Everywhere she saw the degradation of this holy thing which God had fashioned for an everlasting evolution in purity, beauty, and power. And every time she returned to her home it was with such tales of inconceivable brutality or devilish oppression that the heart of her husband flamed within him, and he grew to be, not the noisiest champion of the suffering workers, but the most determined and implacable enemy of the economic system which produces such evil things.

To his religion of moral rectitude and simple piety, Margaret MacDonald brought the flame of her more imaginative and mystical nature. He loved the battle of Socialism for itself, being a born fighter, and even without her his economic fight would have had a moral impulse; but she gave it a spiritual consecration. I have no doubt whatever that the secret of his power over men is the spiritual consecration he received from his wife, of which he speaks little, but of which he is always vividly conscious in every great crisis of his career.

(To be continued)

Reader's Digest Service

A Labor Party in the Making

Condensed from Current History (April '24), Pub. by N. Y. Times Co.

Harold Lord Varney

THE triumph of the British Labor Party is a political portent of the first order to America. It is a demonstration of the unsuspected possibilities of labor political action. To the American unionists it is an alluring precedent of success.

A number of the most influential union groups have been toying with the idea of an American Labor Party. Meanwhile, the Farmer-Labor movement in the Northwest has arisen to show the possibilities of third party action. The Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party has already issued a call for a national convention to meet in St. Paul on May 30 to launch a national farmer-labor party. Such an event would be epochal in its importance in American politics. Even though this does not occur, however, the rise of the new movement in American labor is too striking and too important in its possibilities to be ignored.

Hitherto the powerful personality of Samuel Gompers has blocked the formation of an American Labor Party. He has declared for 40 years that the really important victories of labor must be won on the economic field, and that political activities waste the energies of the unions and weaken them for economic warfare. It is only to the extent that the political government touches the labor unions, in such matters as court injunctions, labor legislation, immigration regulation, etc., that Mr. Gompers concedes the need of labor political activity. Throughout the Congressional session a legislative body of three officers of the American Federation of Labor is maintained in Washington to watch the course of legislation. It is the duty of this committee to work aggressively on behalf of the labor program, to sub-

mit briefs at Congressional hearings on the respective measures, to interview Congressmen and Senators and to disseminate publicity to win the support of public opinion. Since 1921 the work of this committee has been reinforced by the national legislative agents of the international unions and of the railroad brotherhoods. This body has a membership of between 30 and 40 persons, who are all busily engaged throughout the Congressional session working for the labor legislative program.

The bait of the "labor vote" has always been held enticingly before the eyes of Congressmen. This policy, which has remained practically unaltered for 18 years, is known as the "reward our friends, punish our enemies" policy. In preparation for elections a non-partisan Campaign Committee of the American Federation of Labor keeps a card index of every Senator and Congressman, with the record of his vote on every labor measure. On the eve of every election the committee classifies all candidates for re-election as "friendly" or "unfriendly." In the case of the "unfriendly" candidate, the committee inaugurates a campaign to defeat him in his district. A copy of this record is sent to all the affiliated trade unions in the district and they are instructed to mobilize the labor vote solidly against him on Election Day. In the election of 1922 the committee claims that, as a result of Federation of Labor activities, 23 friendly candidates for the U. S. Senate were elected and 11 unfriendly candidates were defeated, while for the House a total of 170 successful candidates owed their election directly or indirectly to Labor efforts. . . . The concern of the Gompers program is not so much to elect labor men

to Congress as it is to coerce the sitting members of the old parties to favorable legislative action.

In recent years a new group of leaders has arisen who declare that this objective is insufficient. The motive force behind this faction is Warren S. Stone, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. *Organizations representing fully half of the trade union membership of the United States have already accepted the political leadership of this new faction.* Within the American Federation of Labor itself the international Presidents of the Machinists, Electrical Workers, Railway Clerks, Maintenance of Way Employees, Carmen, Telegraphers, Boilermakers and of the Stationary Firemen have joined this group. Several of the district Presidents of the United Mine Workers are active members. Outside of the American Federation, the Presidents of the Conductors, of the Firemen, and of the Trainmen support Stone. A large number of prominent State and local trade union officials have affiliated themselves with this faction.

A common support of the Plumb Plan was the first issue which drew this group together, and trade unionists will never forget the astonishing defeat which this group administered to Gompers at the Montreal Convention in 1920. All the members of this group favor Government ownership of public utilities, which Mr. Gompers opposes. They are a unit in the belief that eventually the labor movement will evolve an independent labor party in America. Politically, they are united in the body known as the Conference for Progressive Political Action. This body was formed in 1922 as a loose affiliation of labor and farmer groups which disagreed with the Gompers non-partisan policy. The idea expressed was that when sufficient cohesion and political experience had been attained the conference would launch a national Farmer-Labor Party.

The Conference specializes in efforts to secure the nomination of

progressives at the primaries, in contrast to the American Federation of Labor, which makes its main effort at the final election. Again, the Conference includes farmers' organizations, and therefore its decision upon candidates is based upon their record for agricultural legislation, as well as labor legislation. The unions composing the Conference publish at Washington a weekly paper, *Labor*, which is circulated during the weeks before elections in hundreds of thousands of copies. Special State issues were used with devastating effect against Beveridge in Indiana in 1922 and against Preuss in Minnesota in 1923.

From this outlook it seems certain that the Progressive Conference is the forerunner of the destined American Labor Party. At present the leaders regard the time premature for independent politics. . . . The Progressive Conference does not exhaust the list of opponents of the Gompers' policy within labor movement. There is what might be called a Left Wing in the trade unions which has already taken the bit of labor party action between its teeth. This group comprises a wide field of scattered movements, among which are the Progressive Parties of Nebraska and Idaho, the various Communist groups, including the Workers' Party, and the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota. Even though the Conference for Progressive Political Action declines to act this year, the Left Wing faction will launch its third party, at the St. Paul convention.

Out of this complex situation two things seem certain: The political control of Gompers over the labor movement will suffer an irretrievable blow; and, second, an independent labor party is inevitable. The birth of such a labor party would be fatal to the "non-partisan" policy now maintained by the American Federation of Labor, for it would deprive the Federation of its power to reward or punish the old party legislators. It would compel a new political orientation of the labor movement and a radical break with traditions of 40 years' standing. . . . We already have the embryo form of the coming great adventure of the American trade unions.

The Churches Can Stop War!

Condensed from *The Christian Century* (Mar. 12, '24)

Will Irwin

IF in the decade between 1904 and 1914 the churches of the Christian world had said, "Thou shalt not!" there would have been no general European war. The solution of the most pressing problem which confronts the world today "is in the hands of the churches," if they care to use it. It would take centuries to build up such an organization for peace as these churches, an organization so powerful over the minds and hearts and imaginations of men, so experienced in dealing with human problems, and one so rich and powerful. As events rushed on to the catastrophe of 1914, none raised even a feeble voice to protest.

In all systems of Christian morale, hate figures as the little brother of murder. And yet look back now upon the propaganda of hate which was the daily food of the mind during those four years of war. Men, unassisted by propaganda, no longer had a firm, undivided view of the sanctity involved in dying for one's country. Reason began to play its light into the dark corners of the mind. That old, unquestioning valor to which death in battle for one's country seemed a sacrament, an act of supreme consecration was passing away. Wherefore the lords of Europe's destiny, in place of narrow consecration, managed to substitute hate, pure hate. The printing press was the agency by which mankind was growing a little international, a little disposed to question the validity of exclusive patriotism. They took this agency, perverted it, made it serve their ends. The process was not difficult. In the spiritual realm as in the material, it is easier to destroy than to create; it is easier to reawake the slumbering barbarian in civilized man than to lead him to

higher levels of thought and action.

Today the world knows what war is! All of us understand that modern war is rooted in greed, that it serves no good end of the spirit, that its moral fruits are hatred, lechery, disintegration of moral fibre in the nation and in the individual. Every scientist knows that modern conscription plus war—the selection of the best men to die before they have given any children to their stock—is a device for softening the breed so ingenious that it might have been invented by the devil himself.

And we know perfectly well what another general war is going to mean to this civilization which calls itself Christian. The European peoples with their petty hatreds and greeds and jealousies are preparing to commit suicide; and, we in America stand by, and a little condescendingly watch them do it, and thank God that we are not as other men. And yet the average American is only three or four centuries removed from the parent stock of Europe. Placed in the same situation he would do exactly the same thing. The fault is just common human blindness, common lack of understanding. And the one force in modern life which can open the eyes of the world and illuminate their hearts has hitherto stood by supinely, blandly indifferent.

However, mankind will never abolish war until it ceases to want war. Along with any organization of nations to keep the peace must go a progressive education of public opinion. Of course, 19 out of 20 people do want permanent peace, or think they do. But do they want it hard enough? Are they willing to forego the not unpleasant emotion of hate, to resist the temptations of temporary

national advantage, to shut their hearts to certain old stirrings of the cave instinct? We have some distance yet to go before the citizens of our Christian democracies make permanent peace a main object of their political thinking.

Ludwig Lewisohn says, "Perhaps we cannot change the nature of man, but we can change his mood." In war, we do that very thing. Six months after the first shot sounds, any belligerent people turns from tolerance to hate, sanity to madness. The problem consists in casting human thought into a new mould, and making the work permanent.

The task seems overwhelmingly great. Beside it the long struggle for government by the people was easy. How shall we go about it? What common instrument is large enough, powerful enough, so to regroup the faculties of men? One alone in all the world—Christianity and her elder sister, Judaism. Here alone is a power which, consciously or unconsciously, governs the moral thought of every man and woman in 50 nations. Peoples may be taking their religion with less outward show of seriousness; but rare nevertheless is that person who did not receive Christian or Jewish religious instruction in childhood; and, therefore, who does not see moral issues, all his life long, through the lenses of the decalogue. And divided though the church be by sects, it is not divided by nationalities. Considered in their political aspect, churches are the only organizations which have achieved a sound and decent internationalism. What an instrument for achieving permanent peace!

If all the Christian sects combining with one another and with Judaism on this single issue, should start the work of educating their sons and daughters in the illusion and immorality of war, we should within a year mark the changing mood of man. Within 20 years, when this generation, at present learning its texts in Sunday school, reached the age of fruition, the job of bringing peace to our world would be done. The church

can do it, even if she confines herself to her oldest policy—just personal work with the individual.

Let the doubter consider our great American example. Seventy-five years ago we were a race of easy and careless drunkards. One strong division of the Christian churches in America began gradually to take up the temperance question. The 19th century had run half its course before any of them, as bodies, endorsed teetotalism. It was later even than that when certain denominations began to give systematic temperance instruction in the Sunday schools. Still later, the movement came firmly into politics; state after state voted dry. And this was precisely the era when the children who had received temperance instruction in the Sunday schools came to the age of political influence.

Not otherwise must the church proceed when, if ever, she takes up this new and vital moral reform. She must begin it in early childhood, when one gets his basic moral ideas. She must teach her young sons that perfect citizenship implies tolerance; that the pledge of love and service which the Christian takes at his baptism or confirmation embraces all mankind—the whole population of the city of God. She must teach that war is not really glorious, but a calamity; that behind it lies always a large wickedness. She must teach, finally, that to be Christ's faithful soldier means, in this age, to be a soldier of peace. . . .

No impartial and informed witness of international affairs doubts that world organization to replace trial by battle with trial by jury and to outlaw war, is the first necessary step. Yet the American advocates of this method halt and hesitate between several conflicting schemes. If our churches as a whole ever reach agreement on one plan, give it their official endorsement and their faithful service, the job will be done. The politicians of all parties will fall all over each other in their eagerness to get it into their platforms. The German vote, the labor vote, the farmer vote, are all insignificant numerically beside the church vote, which every politician knows.

Extracts from Scientific American

(April, '24 Issue)

FLYING AROUND THE WORLD.

The leading article in the current issue of the Scientific American outlines the route laid down for the American flyers who will attempt to fly around the world. The following excerpts are suggestive of some of the difficulties which may be encountered:

From Delhi to Multan, the next stop of the fliers, 425 miles will be traversed. Care will be required on this particular trip as a course a little too far northward will take the planes over the forbidden city of Amritsar. This city is the headquarters of the ancient religious order of the Sikhs. Amritsar, or the "Pool of Immortality" contains the Golden Temple which has a copper dome covered with gold foil and it glitters in the sun with a brilliancy that dazzles the eyes. It should make a good landmark for the aviators and a good one to avoid, for within the Golden Temple is a copy of the Granth, or holy Sikh bible, above which no living mortal may place himself—and live. An aviator who might fly over the Temple would get pretty short shrift from the local Sikh magistrates if they should catch him. . . .

It will be remembered that the two members of the Blake expedition went down in their seaplane with a dead motor in the Bay of Bengal. They wallowed among the high seas and torrential rains until the water-soaked plane finally overturned and floated with the pontoons just a little above the water. The natives who occasionally passed them at some distance gave them a wide berth, thinking they were the water devils of local tradition. The diary written by the pilot of this disaster is one of the strangest and most absorbing records ever written. When we read of the despair that overcame them as ship after ship passed them by without notice; of how they fired their last round from the Very's signal pistol; of how the music known as the death song of the sirens, which shipwrecked sailors hear in the last hours of thirst and fatigue, assailed the ears of the two aviators—then we feel that the world must admire those men who attempt such daring feats in the cause of science.

BALLOON TIRES will probably have a greater effect on the design of the motor car than is at first ap-

parent. The additional cushioning that the low-pressure gives the car will make it possible to redesign the whole chassis and perhaps reduce the weight of some cars by a fifth or more. Such a saving in materials should have a tendency further to lower prices. It may be found that four-wheel brakes have no particular advantages when balloon tires are used, because of the better traction they afford, with consequent increased braking efficiency and reduction of the tendency to skid. Also, the use of chains will be greatly curtailed. Then there is possibility that the better utilization of power by the balloon tires and the reduction of car weight will permit of smaller engines, with a resultant saving in fuel consumption. This all tends toward a lowering of the cost of motoring and a pushing of the much discussed car saturation point into the future.—Ind. Rubber World.

RUNNING THE RAPIDS OF THE

GRAND CANYON. The great project of accurately surveying and mapping the Colorado River from its source to its mouth has been completed by topographic engineers of the U. S. Geological Survey. Uncle Sam now has exact data with reference to the feasibility of dam sites for the control of our second greatest river which has cut out the most stupendous gorge in the world. . . . The most dangerous portion of the project, including all of the Grand Canyon, has just recently been completed. The party started down stream from Lees Ferry, Arizona, on August 1, and for 3½ months, without stay or rest, they battled among the waters for a total distance of nearly 400 miles. A few examples of the "high spots" of the trip may give a slight idea of the things encountered. On August 3 for instance the party portaged the boats past

Soap Creek Rapids. These rapids have never been safely run by any party. "It was man-killing work," says Colonel Birdseye, "to portage these heavy 900-pound boats across immense rocks, and perhaps we might have come through safely without portaging, for we later ran worse rapids, but it did not seem wise to take the chance so early in the trip. The next day we reached a wicked looking rapid, running between vertical cliffs directly from the boiling water, with no foothold for a portage and no chance even to look the rapids over and form a plan for running them. We called them 'Sheer Wall Rapids' but we ran them safely, although soaked to the skin. Such rapids we always ran with the boats stern first. We slipped on cork life jackets with Kapok collars, and except the boatman, lay face down in the cockpit of the boats, clinging hard to the life lines stretched across the decks. The waves seemed mountainous and to some of us our first ride of this kind was a genuine thriller; but we afterwards became so used to riding rough water that we vied with one another to make the plunge with a lighted pipe or cigarette and not lose the light." . . . On September 8 the radio was set up and, although the walls of the Canyon at this point were not far short of a mile high, the party heard that a great earthquake had occurred in Japan—despite the prediction of radio experts that it would be impossible to hear anything in such a deep canyon.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT BY GAS. Among the interesting scientific oddities of the past weeks has been the first execution under Nevada's statute specifying lethal gas as the instrument of capital punishment in the State. A Chinese murderer was the victim. He was shut in a gas tight chamber, and hydrocyanic gas sprayed into his atmosphere. Observations were made through a glass window, and it was agreed that the subject died instantly and painlessly.

UNIFORM AUTOMOBILE LAWS. The motor vehicle commissioners of

ten Eastern states are working together toward uniform automobile laws.

PSYCHIC INVESTIGATION. The Scientific American makes this announcement:

It has been a matter of severe disappointment to us that, to date, our psychic investigation has attracted only mediums who have turned out to be of small genuineness or none at all. In order that there may be no material obstacle in the way of participation by any medium of high caliber, we now make this offer: To any such medium we will secure passage to New York, maintenance here for the necessary period, and passage home; and in the event that the medium accepting this offer fails to win our \$2500 award, the money thus disbursed need not be repaid. The offer applies to the mediums Hope, Powell, Kluski, Erte, Willy and Rudi Schneider, "Stella C.," Frau Silbert, Mrs. Deane, Miss Besinnet, Mrs. Wriedt, and Jonson; as well as to any unnamed medium who proves worthy of consideration.

LARGEST AND FASTEST OF THE ZEPPELINS. There is now approaching completion at the works of the Zeppelin Company in Germany, an airship which is to become the property of the United States as part of the reparation payments.

The seating arrangements for passengers are generally similar to those found in a Pullman car. The seats are so arranged that they can be made up to provide upper and lower berths, with curtains to insure privacy. Aft this section, and shut off from it by a doorway, are several toilet rooms, while on the opposite side of the central passageway is a buffet, kitchen, etc. The accommodations for officers and men include a cabin for the Commander, two sleeping cabins for the officers, an officers' saloon with dining accommodations, six sleeping cabins for the crew, two saloons for the crew, and two sets of lavatories for the crew. All of the cooking is done electrically. Provision is also made for baggage, mails and cargo in 20 compartments. The useful lift of the ship is 44 tons, speed at full power 76 miles per hour; normal speed, 5 engines, 67 miles per hour; radius of action at cruising speed for 78 hours, 5,121 miles.

Conan Doyle

Condensed from *The Catholic World*

James M. Gillis, Editor of *The Catholic World*

This is one of a series of eight lectures delivered in St. Paul's Church, New York City. The series was entitled "False Prophets."

LET us consider a few facts which demonstrate the unscientific, credulous nature of the man who has made himself the leading propagandist of spiritism. Just before embarking on a recent tour to Australia, he had a sitting with a medium, "good Evan Powell." "I had the joy," he states, "of a few last words with my arisen son. He blessed me on my mission and assured me that I would bring peace to bruised hearts. The words he uttered were a quotation from my London speech at which the medium had not been present, nor had a verbatim account of it appeared anywhere at that time! It was one more sign of how closely our words and actions are noted from the other side."

This is doubtless very touching. But might not a moderately critical reader ask if a medium could have had a messenger at the London speech? Is it unthinkable that a London medium, had, in anticipation of a seance, obtained a few sentences from a public speech by the most famous of all propagandists of spiritualism? These simple questions seem not to have occurred to one who assures us of his excellent "critical faculties."

Sir Arthur tells that he has talked, not only with his son, but with his mother, from beyond the grave. And he says, with the innocence of an imaginative child, that he has heard angels singing "Onward Christian

Soldiers" in his children's nursery.

Conan Doyle does not hesitate to tell rather intimate things concerning himself. It seems that he suffers occasionally from insomnia. But he has a remedy—prayer. Now, it is only too scandalously true that prayer sometimes acts as a soporific (a great many persons will testify that they fall asleep over their prayers), but it seems that when Conan Doyle prays for sleep, he is actually anaesthetized. He says that, on such occasions, he experiences "a very distinct pungent smell of ether, coming in waves from the outside."

He has also prayed against mosquitoes. But, rather oddly, he prayed only that his face be spared. In consequence, he says, "Though my hands were like boxing gloves, and my neck was all swollen, there was not a mark upon my face." . . . It would seem that Sir Arthur's benefactor from the spirit world ought not to have taken the poor man's prayer with such cussed literalness.

Sir Arthur has a very curious notion about the soul. He explains that "the soul is a complete duplicate of the body, resembling it even in the smallest particulars of outline and color. In life the two are commingled. At death they divide. The eye cannot see the soul (generally) after the division, but the camera can." Apparently, then, Doyle's famous spirit photographs are not of risen bodies, but of souls which after death retain the form and color of the body, and not only of the body but of the clothing. Sometimes, it would seem, the clothing is suspiciously anachronistic. Sir Arthur himself records that at a seance in Australia, an ancient Assyrian hand wore a modern starched cuff. But, ordinarily, the style of the clothing,

as well as the shape of the body, is as unchanging as the soul. Some of us will not be any too well pleased to learn these facts. Think of wearing collars and cuffs, and trousers (apparently the same pair), for all eternity. As for the form of the body, some of us are not so proud of our figure that we would care to keep it forever.

Conan Doyle claims that he has "the most wonderful psychic photographs ever shown in the world." He has exhibited them at his lectures everywhere. But when he was challenged by a New York photographer, who declared that he could produce, by trickery, equally fine "spirit" photographs, Doyle paid no attention to the challenge. Mrs. Doyle, speaking for her husband, declared, apparently with some warmth, that Sir Arthur would not accept the challenge or "that of any other publicity seeker." This is odd, because in his book, "The Wanderings of a Spiritualist," he relates that he did accept a challenge from a photographer in Sidney, N. S. W. If in Sidney, why not in New York? If he favors some unknown in the antipodes, why not accept the challenge of the well-known and perfectly reputable Scientific American, which offers a large money prize for any spiritistic phenomenon or any "spirit" photograph produced under test conditions?

The lofty scorn with which Sir Arthur declares that, while he has great esteem for the editor and the scientists connected with The Scientific American, he cannot bring himself to apply for the prize because their offer "serves only as a summons for swindlers," is rather unconvincing. Sir Arthur should be eager to show that there is at least one who is not a swindler. He should be able to produce an honest and efficient medium. And I dare say that if his chosen medium passed the test, the victory would do the cause more good than lecture trips around the world. Meanwhile, until he, or some one equally well-known, produces photographs under test conditions, for some accredited scientific soci-

ety, skeptics will continue to think that his collection has been palmed off on him by adepts at substitution. If slate-writing charlatans can exchange our slates for their own, before our own eyes, it is not inconceivable that a medium can substitute trick plates before the eyes of a man who sees fairies, hears angels sing, prays for ether to come in the window to put him to sleep, and obtains immunity from mosquito bites on his face by the miraculous intervention of an unnamed supernatural power.

But, indeed, Sir Arthur has not merely an unscientific unconcern about fraudulent mediums; he actually defends, excuses, and champions some who have been detected in fraud. At a seance held in London, at the suggestion of Mr. Wilson Young of the London Saturday Review, Mr. Young became suspicious that the various spirit voices were proceeding from the mouth of a person present in the flesh. He reached out his hand in the dark and touched the broad end of a trumpet that had been placed upon the floor before the lights were turned down. Mr. Young felt that the trumpet was supported at the other end. At the same moment, the trumpet was left in his grasp. He lifted it carefully over the head of one of the sitters, and placed it on the floor behind Conan Doyle's chair. There were no more spirit voices that afternoon. The seance was abruptly closed, and the lights were turned on. Sir Arthur was furious, and wrote a long letter of protest to the Saturday Review. "It is really your want of knowledge and experience," he said, "which you are exposing. If you would appreciate that it is impossible that a tyro could solve at first glance what has baffled so many thousands, you would have gained the beginnings of wisdom. Even mental want of harmony can spoil a seance!" Rather a stinging rebuke for one who simply touched the trumpet and put it back on the floor where it had been placed before the room was darkened! But the mediums, like Sir Arthur, are very

easily offended. They make their own conditions; they turn out the lights; they demand that the sitters shall not stir from their chairs; and if anyone so much as mentally disconcerts them, they call off the seance. A professional magician would be ashamed to take such advantage of his audience.

If we compare the timidity of Sir Arthur with the cold-bloodedness of truly scientific investigators, we may see why he will have nothing to do with the latter. Here, for example, is an account of one of the sittings at the office of the Scientific American. A certain George Valentine, one of "the best mediums in the country," was trying for the \$2,500 prize offered by the Scientific American:

"The staff set luminous buttons on the walls, invisible from Mr. Valentine's chair, but visible from certain others. If a body passed in front of the button, naturally its light would be obscured. They also placed the medium's chair above an electrical apparatus which caused a light to show in another room so long as a person remained sitting in the chair. If no one sat in the chair the light would go out. Stenographers in the room adjoining took down the ejaculations of the spirits and the words of the medium, watched the light connected with the chair and timed the periods when it failed to burn, etc. The buttons were obscured, the light went out, 15 times. The voices of the spirits and the failure of the light to burn coincided. The implication was that in order to do his work as a ghost-maker the medium had to leave his chair, although he had promised not to do so. He did not win the Scientific American prize."

This is the kind of investigation which Conan Doyle avoids, and which he stigmatizes as "liable to serve only as a summons to swindlers." To the uninitiated it would seem that such a seance would be a deterrent to swindlers, after the first two or three have been exposed.

Even the greatest mediums have

been detected in fraud. But certain members of psychical research societies continue to trust them. They say that a medium in a trance does not know and therefore is not responsible for any fraud that may be committed; or they introduce the scientific hypothesis of dual personality, and declare that the good personality must not be blamed for what the evil personality does; or they explain that mediums are generally simple persons, perhaps peasants, who have little or no realization of the meaning of a lie or the seriousness of deceit. Most strangely, they are disposed to believe a medium when he testifies in his own behalf, but to discredit his testimony when he makes a confession of guilt. The Fox sisters, for example, deceived two continents and set the world by the ears for a whole generation. Then they publicly and solemnly swore that all their phenomena were fraudulent. Later they retracted the confession, even though it had been made under oath. A medium named Blackman told how he deceived the greatest investigators in the history of psychical research. The celebrated "Eva" told a lawyer that she had tricked. Later on she denied this. Eusapia Palladino created a big stir until she suffered a complete exposure.

Eldred was found to have an armchair in which he kept a whole arsenal of stage "properties." The photographer Boursnell was convicted of cheating. Mrs. Williams was unmasked at a seance in Paris; there were found on her various things used to simulate phantoms, as in Eldred's case. . . . Cases could be heaped up if need be.

Conan Doyle replies to such facts as these with an act of faith. He thinks that a medium, even though a liar, may produce bona fide phenomena, just as an immoral poet may write genuine poetry! And M. Richet explains, again and again in his large volume, "Thirty Years of Psychical Research," that deceit does not destroy the validity of psychical phenomena, and that it merely proves

nothing but the mental frailty of mediums. And he adds naively, "A curious volume might be written on the pseudo-confessions of mediums."

Like all sincere spiritualists, Doyle is not only gullible; he has lost all sense of the ridiculous. For example: he permitted to be printed in the newspapers of the world the following banalities spoken to him, he says, by Lord Northcliffe's spirit:

"Only a wave of spiritual reform can save the world." "The American people are too busy." "When men lose wisdom, they invite disaster." . . .

Finally, let us see what Sir Arthur has to say of the Christian religion. It is his opinion that "Christianity has stagnated and degenerated."

And the stagnation and degeneracy occurred very early: "The process was completed about the end of the third century. By that time 'the living thing had set into a petrification. . . . Only now does the central fire begin to glow once more through all the ashes that have been heaped upon it.' . . . One might hope that the newer and purer form

of religion would emphasize the main feature of primitive Christianity. But unfortunately the divinity of Jesus Christ is not to be revived. For, says Doyle, "The spiritualistic movement, so far as it is an organized religion, has taken a purely Unitarian turn. That is, spiritualists value Christ as a great psychic, but they are Unitarians with a breadth of vision which includes Christ, Krishna, Buddha and all the other great spirits whom God has sent to direct different lines of spiritual evolution."

So spiritualism, with its dark rooms, its knocks and table-tipping, its banjos and phosphorescent faces, its graphophone selections and its vociferous "Nearer My God to Thee," smothering the sound of the creaking machinery, its multitudinous charlatans, picking the pockets and harrowing the hearts of bereaved worshippers who gather in the hope of receiving a message from dear departed relatives—all this humbug "removes the difficulties" of the Christian Faith!

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Station U. S. A.

Excerpts from The Saturday Evening Post (Mar. 15, '24)

David Lawrence

ON the tenth story of an office building in New York City is today the communication center of the world. It is called Radio Central. Here are a hundred young men wearing ear phones and sitting at typewriters. A big placard on each table indicates the country with which direct communication is constantly being maintained—England, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Argentina, Poland, Holland. The sending of messages to a huge station somewhere on the seacoast is already obsolete. Radio telegraph has become systematized and stabilized.

In London, Paris and Berlin one finds operators working direct circuits through the air with many countries in Europe, so that messages from India, Turkey, Austria, Spain, Switzerland, Russia, Egypt and the Near East, are sent direct to London, Paris or Berlin, passed across the room to another operator and relayed instantly to the operator in New York.

The traffic manager of the Radio Corporation of America told me: "No human being can copy as fast as the radio can send, and we have an electrical receiver which relieves us of the possibility of any human failure to transcribe the signals. Through the invention of the automatic sending device the operator in London simply sits at his typewriter pounding the keys, and out of his machine comes a perforated tape. This tape can be read as easily as handwriting. The tape is fed into the sending machine, which makes the dots and dashes accurately and sends them through the air at high speed. . . . Then there is the receiving tape, furnishing an absolute record of the signals that have been sent and easily translated by any operator who

has been through the usual training process."

One to three operators transcribe the receiving tape at one circuit, according to the speed at which the circuit is working. It is possible to transcribe all the messages simply by cutting off the tape and giving each operator a piece. I saw dozens of messages come over the tape, transcribed in a few minutes on the typewriter, put in the hands of delivery boys and sent to their destination in New York, all within three or four minutes. Indeed, certain individuals in New York pay what is known as urgent rate in order to get one-minute service between Berlin and New York stock exchanges or the stock exchanges in Paris and New York.

Time was when the sending of a radio message from New York City meant the telegraphing by land wire to radio stations erected on the Jersey or New England coast. Messages received from Europe were caught at these immense stations and then relayed. Today the shore aerisals are used as way stations. The messages that travel through the air are actually caught from several countries on one big aerial at Riverhead, Long Island, automatically unscrambled and fed into 13 separate land wires, so that the impulse of the sending operator in London, for instance, is instantaneously received by the operator in an office building in New York.

Will the radio hurt the cable? Defenders of the cable say that theirs is the sure method of communication all the year round. The radio people, on the other hand, insist they have a means of largely overcoming static, and that in the last year or so they have never had interruptions

of more than two or three hours as a result of atmospheric disturbances—and these usually in the summer months. Undoubtedly, as the business of the world expands, there will be business enough for both the radio and cable.

The radio telephone is coming. The American business man will be able some day to pick up his telephone in Iowa or Oregon and ask for a number in Paris or London just as simply as today he talks from one end of this continent to the other. The Leviathan is equipped with receiving apparatus that will enable a person located anywhere in the United States to talk directly from an interior city to the liner at sea.

Spurred on by war, engineers did all they could to develop devices in which the radio and the vacuum tube played an essential part. It was in the search for an instrument to detect the approach of submarines that one of the most important discoveries was made. The amplification of sound has been accomplished to such an extent that scientists insist they have conducted successful experiments enabling them to hear a flea scratch. Other noises hitherto unknown to the ear have been developed through the use of amplifiers. In the next war the submarine will not be so effective as before, because the detection of sound has been accomplished both through the air and under water. It is possible now to tell exactly where a vessel is located. In this same connection, the radio companies have become an important aid to navigation at sea.

For instance, a marine hospital in New York answers questions by radio giving medical aid to officers at sea. Vessels which do not carry competent medical aid are frequently told over the radio what to do in emergencies. The radio compass has been developed to such a point that it may ultimately do away with much of the cost of maintaining lighthouses on the seacoast. When a ship at sea loses its bearings it can appeal to

a shore station to flash back the information. The sending of the radio wave from the ship at sea to two shore stations makes two sides of a triangle, over which mathematical calculations can be made, and the position of the ship given.

The London Daily Mail published the news that the Germans had found a secret means of stopping airplanes in flight. In no fewer than 12 cases French machines on the way from France to Roumania were compelled by mysterious engine failures to come down on German territory. Later, the daily Mail stated that it was able to announce that the British authorities were in possession of a contrivance, similar to the German one, for putting out of action the magnetoes of airplane engines by wireless; also that an insulation of the magnetoes had been developed which counteracted the effect of the radio rays.

Radio possibilities as a means of international intercourse are limitless. When the war broke out, interior countries in Europe which were neutral suffered because of the lack of communication. Norway, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland and Italy have since erected radio stations controlled by the government. The result is that the business man in these countries has direct communication with America, and there is no chance of interference or censorship by any intervening country. When it is considered that until recently most of the news about the United States reached Japan and China by way of Europe and was in some instances colored there by foreign press agencies, an idea of the importance of the radio to America can be appreciated. Already the people in Europe are listening in to concerts broadcast from American stations. And the British may find it profitable commercially to establish broadcasting stations so as to reach other parts of Europe, in which case, of course, the United States would listen in without charge.

The Jamestown Experiment

Condensed from The Forum (April '24)

Samuel Augustus Carlson

THE city of Jamestown, N. Y., has for some time attracted the attention of all those who are interested in better city government. The officials of the city have quietly put the principle of municipal ownership into operation with such remarkable success that other cities are again turning to a theory of government which many authorities have dismissed as impractical or socialistic. As acting mayor of Jamestown for 16 years and a holder of various other offices in the city administration for over 30 years, I hope I may consider myself qualified to tell what we have done.

Jamestown has the greatest number of municipally owned and successfully operated public utilities of any city in America. We have applied the principle of municipal ownership step by step, seeing just how far and how well it worked before applying it further. The citizens of Jamestown are not theorists. Every time the municipal authorities have taken over any economic function of the city, the result has been greater efficiency and a considerable saving. Jamestown can boast of a lower operating cost than any other city in the state.

All pavements in Jamestown are constructed directly by the city at a greatly reduced cost. The purest crystal water is supplied from municipally owned artesian wells at a rate of one cent per barrel. Electricity is furnished to householders from the municipal plant at an average cost of five cents a day (the rates ranging from 5 cents to 1½ cents per K. W.). Every conceivable expense in connection with these plants has been paid from revenues, notwithstanding the fact that our rates are more than fifty per cent lower than

elsewhere. The Public Market is also paying all expenses. Municipal ownership in Jamestown has never cost the taxpayers one single penny in taxes.

Our experiments have frequently been derided as being socialistic. This argument has been urged especially against our proposed municipal milk plant and sanitary distribution system. Our citizens, however, look upon it as merely a common sense, businesslike step to use the agency of the city government to eliminate the waste and exploitation which is entailed by having a superfluous number of milk dealers working under competitive conditions. The milk supply is just as much a matter of public service as the supply of pure drinking-water. If such activities are called socialistic then it is very hard to see the difference between socialism and the efficient application of our principle of democracy. As a matter of fact the citizens of Jamestown for the most part are of Scandinavian or English stock so that they have come to us from countries where municipal undertakings are carried on to a greater extent than in America.

The administrative officers in Jamestown are all appointed by the Mayor, subject to confirmation by the City Council. The only elective officials are the Mayor and the Members of the City Council, which is solely a legislative body. No party or primary nominations are permitted. All are nominated by petitions. Graft and corruption are entirely absent in Jamestown, largely due to the fact that our public utilities are conducted without the domination or influence of political organizations. The police force is also free from the domination of politics

and incidentally keeps the percentage of crime lower than in any other city in the state.

Perhaps the most important conclusion to be drawn from the Jamestown experiments is that the methods of government both in the city and in the state can be greatly simplified. When we have less complicated machinery, the people will find little difficulty in preventing the abuse of political power. The trouble with our political institutions is that they are honeycombed with too many bureaucratic departments. Even Civil Service, which reformers recommend as the panacea for our political ills, has failed in practical operation, because no questionnaire rule can successfully test the character, tact, personality, or temperament of any applicant. I have often found the least competent person at the top of the eligible Civil Service list. The appointing power should be free to select any qualified person regardless of his standing on the Civil Service list, and have the power to dismiss without argumentative hearing any employee when his service is no longer desired, just like all managers of successful business corporations. No other plan will insure loyalty, discipline, and efficiency.

Our state government should be simplified. The Governor should be elected for a long term. He should be the only administrative official elected by a state-wide election, so that public sentiment can crystallize on state policies for which he stands. He should be authorized to appoint his own cabinet, consisting of department heads, experts, and advisors. This is the only way to secure responsible government.

There should be but one legislative body, the Senate. Its members should be chosen partly from districts and partly from the state at large. Election for first term should be for one year; all succeeding terms for six years. Every voter should be permitted to vote for one candidate from

the state at large. All candidates for Senator at large receiving more than, say, 20,000 votes should be entitled to seats in the Senate. Under this plan there would be an average of 100 Senators, including those elected by majority vote from Senatorial districts. This method of election would give both geographical and group representation. It would give any group of 20,000 or more voters from the state as a whole an opportunity to unite in support of a strong candidate who stands for some principle or policy, conservative or progressive, which they desire voiced in the law-making body. This would tend to bring into the Senate our ablest and most scholarly men. The candidate receiving the highest vote should be the presiding officer of the Senate and also function as Lieutenant-Governor.

The Governor, or any member of his Cabinet, should be privileged to introduce any measure in the Senate and support the same with arguments. In case of deadlock between the Senate and the Governor, either should be authorized to submit the deadlocked proposition to a vote of the people for final determination at any regular election.

It is said that two chambers are a safeguard and that one acts as a check upon the other, but under our party system this so-called "check" is a perfect farce, for when both houses are under the control of the same political party, important measures very seldom fail of passage in both. While on the other hand, if one party controls one chamber and another party the other chamber, there is usually a deadlock on measures affecting the public weal. We need absolute freedom of thought and discussion upon all public questions. Error can be successfully combatted, not by intolerance and force, but only by the power of truth in the open forum.

Put the Bible Back in School

Condensed from *Good Housekeeping* (April '24)

An Interview with Henry Ford by William L. Stidger

DURING the war, Edwin Markham, the great American poet, wrote to me: "I hasten to assure you that Christianity has not failed, for Christianity has nowhere been tried yet, nowhere been tried in a large social sense. Christianity has been tried by individuals, and it has been found to be comforting and transforming. But it has never been tried by any large group of people in any one place—never by a whole city, never by an entire kingdom, never by a whole city. It is for that trial that the angels are waiting."

So it is with the Bible: it has never been read enough. That is the only thing that is the matter with it.

Mr. Ford has a deep reverence for the Bible, particularly for the spirit of justice that emanates from it. "The only thing that I can see that is wrong with the Bible is that it isn't read enough any more, especially in the schools," said Mr. Ford. He startled me for a minute when he continued, "It's a good deal the fault of you preachers! The trouble with you preachers is that you keep insisting upon calling the Bible the 'sacred book' all the time. If you stopped using that phrase, more people would read the Bible. You drive them away from it by calling it sacred, by setting it up on a pedestal away from the common people. You make them afraid of it. After all, the Bible was written by men quite as human as you and I. Bible characters were plain people; we see them nowadays in colored windows, but they were just people after all."

"If Isaiah were here today he would probably be living down in the shops among workingmen; remaking the world rather than writing about it. There is no reason why a prophet

should not be an engineer instead of a preacher."

"I think you are right," I said. "This is a different age. It is a day of action."

I happened to know that the night before this interview Mr. Ford had spent several hours in his own library, and that one of the books he had read was the Bible. During the early days of the war, Mr. Ford pledged himself, along with President Woodrow Wilson, to read a little in the Bible every day, and he keeps up that custom. He believes in the Bible.

"The Sermon on the Mount will work any place in industry," he told me. "You don't have to lead up to it or prepare the way for it. You can set the Sermon on the Mount down in human life or in industry any place, and it will work, just as it is working in our industry. The Sermon on the Mount is the covenant of our organization. We try to do unto others as we would have others do unto us."

And in a big general way Mr. Ford is right. An institution that leads the world in a living wage, that puts people before profits, that salvages not only scrap, but human souls; that draws no social distinctions and employs an ex-convict as soon as anybody else; that employs two thousand tuberculous people and helps them to get well by making them keep their pride and self-respect; that looks upon its men as "partners"—hasn't such an institution a right to say that it is honestly trying to found its industry on the Sermon on the Mount?

Mr. Ford takes the Bible seriously instead of piously. Many readers of the Bible read it because it is great

literature, or because they feel that they ought to read it, or because it gives them a sense of peace and comfort. Mr. Ford reads it and puts its principles of fair play and justice to work, translates its philosophy into action. . . . And he believes that the Bible is not being read more today because it has been dropped from the public schools.

"The Bible is not being given to our children; childhood is the time to learn to love it and imbed its teachings. It ought to be put back into the schools. Our children should be taught real, practical, every-day religion—a sense of justice and good conduct. And the way to do this is to put the Bible into the schools, where it belongs.

"I am interested in getting the Bible back into the public schools because of what my hearing the Bible read in public schools did for me. When I was a boy we had a few moments every morning in our school when the teacher read to us from the Bible, and we recited the Commandments or the Lord's Prayer. I have never forgotten those few minutes of each day. The old brick schoolhouse is still standing over on Warren Avenue, and I often go over that way just to take a look at it.

"I think I got all the essence of the Bible in those days in school. We were taught that if you steal or sin you suffer. They developed a sense of right and wrong in us in those days. I believe that it was because we heard the great teachings of the Bible. I remember one year when the teacher read through the Sermon on the Mount, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer, and explained every line to us."

Mr. Ford referred to the fact that the Pilgrim Fathers came to America because they wanted the right to worship as their hearts desired; that they actually came across the Atlantic on the Bible. He referred to the fact that the Constitution was founded on the Bible. He also referred to Lincoln's love for the Bible. These things seemed to him good reasons why the Bible should be put back in

the schools.

"People are talking about the awful conditions in Europe. They are asking what the world needs and what the United States needs. What we all need is to get a little more justice in our relations with each other—personal, industrial, national and international relations. Justice is the great need, and the Bible teaches what justice means. You can't do a decent thing in the world today that isn't covered by the Bible."

Mr. Ford suddenly disappeared, returning a moment later carrying a Bible. "It is the old Bible that came to us with the Wayside Inn in New England. We've got it over here to fix it up a little and then send it back to the Inn to preserve it." It was worn and torn. The pages were yellow with time. And Mr. Ford handled it with reverence and with pride. "This book runs back to the 17th century. It tells here about the marriage of Adam Howe to Jerusha Balcom on December 3, 1775."

During the midst of this interview on the Bible, we were interrupted by three of Mr. Ford's most trusted executives. They had come to introduce a new manager to him, who was leaving to take charge of one of the new manufacturing units in the Ford organization. Mr. Ford smiled at this boyish looking manager, gave him a warm handclasp, a few fatherly words of advice, and sent him off to that important task in two minutes. He had given two minutes to sending an executive off to take charge of one of his biggest investments; he had given two hours to a discussion of the Bible.

Dr. Wallace S. Athearn was quoted as saying (Good Housekeeping for December): "We have made the discovery that unless children are taught religion they will not be religious. We have also made the discovery that children can be scientifically taught religion in such a way that the course of their entire lives is changed." Mr. Ford says the same thing. And he says that the way to get this instruction is to get the Bible back in the public schools.

Doing It Together

Condensed from Our World (April '24)

*James and Agnes Warbasse
of the Cooperative League of America*

THE Danes were once a seafaring, war-making, poverty-stricken people. Now they are agricultural and peace-keeping, with the largest per capita wealth of any country in the world—and the average size of their farms is less than 13 acres!

How did it happen? They sided with the French during the Napoleonic wars. The English and the Germans whipped them. Their navy was sunk. They lost most of their colonies. Germany took all the southern part of the country. There were few industries. The defeated people were thrown back upon the land—the poorest land in Europe. They did not emigrate. They did not resign themselves to be ruled by their aristocracy. They did a very unusual thing. They formed associations of neighbors to do things together. They pooled their intellectual power so that everybody in the pool should get the advantage of the best brains.

They started cooperative societies of every sort, and adults' schools. The farmers cooperated all summer on the farms, and in the winter they took their grown boys and girls and all went to school. And what was the result? The Danish farmers lifted agriculture to a science. Little by little they trained themselves to carry on all the functions which in other countries were being performed by profit business. With almost superhuman effort they reclaimed the waste land of Jutland. The magic transformation of that dreary peninsula into flourishing, prosperous farms reads like a fairy tale. And as a result of this self-help movement, cooperation and prosperity in Denmark are synonymous.

They organized cooperative societies to buy fertilizer, seeds, feed, and implements; to breed cattle; to make butter and cheese; to kill and sell hogs and cattle; to collect and sell eggs; to insure buildings, crops, and live stock; to provide life insurance for the family; to carry on scientific tests of farm products; to purchase and manufacture household and personal commodities; and finally they organized cooperative banks to take care of their credit needs. The Danish Wholesale Society supplies 2,000 cooperative stores and has factories of its own for the manufacture of shoes, clothing, bicycles, rope, soap, tobacco, margarine, and candy. The societies which own the Wholesale represent half the population of the country.

The people of Denmark are united into a great self-sufficient society. But what is more, cooperation has made farming attractive. Danish farmers long ago ceased to emigrate to the United States. Absentee landlordism has been ended. Culture has been brought to the people to such a degree that it is said that the Danish farmer is rapidly becoming the most cultured gentleman in Europe.

Not only in Denmark, but in Russia, Italy, France, Switzerland, the Balkans and Scandinavia, self-help in agriculture has done much to lift the farmers from a state of impoverished peasantry to self-respecting independence. The farmers of the United States are also coming to realize that only by cooperation can they save themselves and this essential basic American industry. Over 8000 cooperative agricultural societies were reported to the Department of Agriculture in 1923. Minnesota has 2,000; Kansas, 800; every state has

them and they are steadily multiplying.

In California it is said that the fruit growers are now so well organized that they earn as much as carpenters in San Francisco! And the advocates of commodity cooperatives stoutly insist that no one but the speculator is ever hurt. They cite the case of Burley tobacco. The organized tobacco growers in 1921 received 11 cents a pound for their crop. In 1923, when two-thirds of them were united in a national cooperative marketing organization, they received 30 cents a pound.

There are cooperative wholesale societies of farmers in 20 countries—even in the United States. The Kansas Farmers' Union has saved the Kansas wheat growers three million dollars in binder twine alone during the past 15 years. The Oklahoma Farmers' Exchange last year not only saved its members \$30,000 dollars on binder twine, but they also saved \$3 a ton on 400 carloads of coal; 15,000 bushels of seed potatoes cost them \$22,500 dollars less than the best price from private dealers, and a further saving of \$16,125 was made on 43 cars of eating potatoes.

The English Cooperative Society is a federation of 1,300 distributing stores. It has 120 different manufacturing industries. Its flour mills are the largest in Europe. Its biscuit, soap, shoe, textile, and clothing works are among the great industries of England. It manufactures practically everything the four and a half million families of its members can use—from matches to automobiles, from silks to preserves. Getting back a step further toward the raw material, the cooperators operate and own some 40,000 acres of farm lands in England, and with the Scottish wholesale some 30,000 acres of tea plantations in India and Ceylon. Vast tracts of wheat lands in Canada; olive groves in Africa; vineyards in Spain, are producing food to be used directly by the British consumers without a penny's profit anywhere along the line.

Swiss cooperators have the best flour mill in Switzerland and the most perfectly equipped shoe factory. They had a fight with the beef trust of that country, and as a result they now own the majority of the stock in that organization and control its policies.

The German Wholesale has some of the most modern factories in the country. One would scarcely suspect that they are factories. They look more like university buildings. . . . The wholesales of Austria, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Hungary, Norway, Sweden, Finland, and many other countries are conducting manufacturing and reaching back toward the land and the sources of raw material. The individual societies also own bakeries, flour mills, creameries, shoe factories, and thousands of them own farms adjacent to town. The society of Leeds, England, mends 12,000 pairs of its members' shoes each week. The United Cooperative Baking Society of Glasgow, Scotland, bakes eight million dollars' worth of bread a year, for 212 local societies, and is, next to the cooperative bakery in Vienna, the largest bakery in Europe.

And these industries are so efficiently run that they are the largest factor in stabilizing prices and preventing profiteering today in Europe. Moreover, in cooperation it is generally found that labor is paid larger wages and works under better conditions than in profit industries. . . . These productive industries of the consumers appoint experts to serve them. One sees chemists, engineers, architects, financial experts, artists, and every type of skill and efficiency employed to serve to protect and promote the interests of the people.

People who don't know about these things say, "It can't be done." But it is being done. Anyone who has seen cooperatives at work—permanent, sound enterprises run by and for the people, knows that cooperative democracy is not an ideal dream. It is a highly practical possibility.

(Continued from Page 70)

back, but he retained and cashed it. Dr. Voigt suggested that I continue selling coal until my credentials arrived, so I again returned to St. Louis. Perhaps the incident of the check aroused Dr. Voigt's suspicions; anyway, as I strolled out of the building in which the coal company has offices a few days later I saw Dr. Adcox, his face partly hidden by a newspaper. He watched to determine whether I had seen him and, satisfied that I had not, he pointed me out to a heavy-set man who followed me. I knew I was being shadowed. Evidently the ring wanted to make a final check on my identity, for my shadow was at my heels for three days. He did not suspect that I knew he was following me as, hour after hour, I called on the wholesale trade. He had missed his calling, for he should have been a track inspector or a sandwich man.

Later Dr. Adcox took up the business of making me a doctor of chiropractic. I had three lessons, after which I could pop a vertebra with the best of them. I was made to memorize "some hookum" so that I could discuss my art impressively with the suckers I was to catch.

During this period Dr. Voigt and I had corresponded. I had insisted that he fix me up as a doctor of medicine without sending me to school. He wired for \$300 additional, which I sent to him, and then I was ordered to report in Kansas City. I told Dr. Adcox the good news. He gripped my hand and said: "Well, goodbye and good luck, Doctor."

Dr. Voigt said he had arranged for me to enter the Kansas City College of Medicine and Surgery. I demurred. "Why, you idiot," he ex-

claimed, "they won't ask you any questions. You'll be out there to keep your mouth shut and your ears open." I continued protesting. My real reason was that I did not want to linger in Kansas City, as I was ever fearful of being recognized as Brundidge.

"Suit yourself," he finally said. "It makes no difference to me. A lot of my best doctors never attended a single class. But I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll make you an electrotherapy specialist. I'll get you a sucker machine—an electric hocus-pocus treating and diagnosing machine. It's the worst kind of bunk, of course, but nobody can prove it, and the mob certainly falls for it. Smart as you are, you'll be a sucker-machine king in a couple of months. I've seen dumb-bells who could not even read, hang out their diploma and clean up \$400 to \$500 the first week."

Some days later, I strolled into Dr. Voigt's office. "Take a look at these," he said, handing me four documents. I looked them over—a high-school certificate bearing the great seal of the State of Missouri; a diploma showing I was graduated from the Progressive College of Chiropractic of Chicago on March 1, 1923; a diploma showing I was graduated from the National University of Arts and Sciences of St. Louis on May 23, 1916; a license to practice medicine in the State of Tennessee.

Dr. Voigt grinned. "Congratulations, Harry Thompson, doctor of chiropractic, doctor of medicine. I salute thee!"

Suppose I had not been a reporter seeking the truth. How many persons would I have killed by now?

LAST CALL FOR THE INDEX TO VOLUME 2

Owing to unavoidable circumstances, there has been a delay in issuing the index to Volume 2. All requests for the index which have been received, will be filled within a few days.

(Continued from Page 72)

American people by force of arms. . . . The high officers of the United Mine Workers have declared repeatedly that they do not condone violence. Yet large funds are provided for the legal defense of union miners whom union officers know to be guilty of crimes, and campaigns are conducted with the aim of preventing the punishment of those criminals. . . . One gesture by the union officers would end violence among the most unruly elements in the organization.

There were several attacks on Ohio strip mines, where members of the Steam Shovelmen's Union were uncovering coal within a few feet of the surface of the ground. The sole purpose of attack was to shut off the supply of coal for the public during the strike. . . . Near New Lafferty, on June 27th, armed miners killed one of the part owners of the strip mine by shooting him in the back as he sat in his automobile. Two other workmen were seriously wounded. For this crime a sub-district president of the United Mine Workers and a local president were convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. The union paid for their legal defense.

On the night of June 22nd United Mine Workers renewed their attacks with rifles upon men working on a slack pile at Straitsville, Ohio. Rifle fire continued for several days. On July 4th the attackers rushed the operation, killed one man, wounded four, and ordered the others out of the country, telling them they would be killed if they returned. Then they destroyed as much of the property as they could.

The same campaign against the production of coal was carried on in Indiana with such success that Governor McCray had to call out the National Guard to insure a supply of coal for the state institutions, for utilities, and for the canning industry of the state.

The public knows most of the details of the most horrible of all massacres in this country—at Herrin. Possibly it does not know that no

penitentiary door has ever swung upon the Herrin murderers; those who slew are honored among their fellows in "Bloody Williamson County" as heroes. The Mine Workers of Illinois raised nearly \$1,000,000 for the defense of those charged with criminal acts, and \$729,000 was paid to the Southern Illinois Coal Co. for its mine.

The summary written by the Coal Commission on the later stages of the massacre is sufficient to convey the enormity of the crime:

Three-fourths of a mile from the mine, McDowell, the Superintendent was taken from the line of prisoners and killed. Then some one suggested that they "kill them all and stop the breed." The suggestion was acted upon and the men were taken from the road into the wood, lined up before a barbed wire fence, and told to run. As they ran, while climbing the fence, the mob fired. There were between 40 and 60 prisoners; 16 were killed at or near the barbed wire fence; some escaped and were never captured. Hunting parties pursued those who escaped. Six men, four of whom were wounded, were rounded up and taken into the city of Herrin. They were tied together by their necks, marched to the cemetery and butchered. After they were shot down, two of three of them who cried for water had their throats cut. Strange to relate, one of them survived and was able to tell afterward how one of the mob expressed impatience at his tenacious hold on life, and kneeling with one knee on his chest, he took the helpless man by the ear, and twisted his head around so that he had easy access to his throat, which he then slit with a pocket knife. Nobody will ever know how many were killed; the best estimate is 25. After the surrender of the men, the steam shovels and all other equipment were dynamited and burned. . . . Neither the sheriff nor any of his deputies interfered. The police officers of Herrin ignored the march through one of the paved streets of the city of the six prisoners and their execution at the cemetery, although all the rest of the population knew about it and many followed and witnessed the tragedy.

. . . The miners' union, however, is not alone at fault. There are mine operators who deny legal rights and constitutional privileges. . . . The coal industry has had plenty of time to clean house; if miners and operators do not act, eventually the public will take a hand, as it did with the railroads, with their "public-be-damned" attitude of 20 years ago.

Excavating in Ancient Carthage

Condensed from *The National Geographic Magazine* (April '24)

Count Bryon Khun de Prorok

FEW sites of history have a more illustrious history than the peninsula on which lie the accumulated ruins of the dead cities of Carthage. Phoenicians, Berbers, Numidians, Romans, Vandals, Byzantine crusaders, and, lastly, the Arabs have all left their traces, and today in the strata of 30 centuries lie the mute evidences of long racial warfare and the dethronement of past splendors. At Carthage it is singularly impressive to find the traces of so many different peoples, and in this respect no other spot in the world discloses so grippingly the war tragedy of the human race.

Here is a natural beauty and grandeur equal to any of the famous scenes along the Mediterranean shore, and the panorama viewed from Cape Carthage explains Queen Dido's selection of the site, in the ninth century B. C., for the first Punic city of Carthage. . . . This is the scene so often gazed upon by Dido, Pyrrhus, Hasdrubal, Cyriac, Augustine, Genserik, and St. Louis, and its history is made still more eloquent by the resurrection of its buried ruins.

The excavation of Carthage is difficult because of the great topographical changes that have taken place since Punic days. For these changes the Medjerda River is responsible to a considerable degree, as its alluvial deposits have encroached upon a large part of the peninsula, completely covering a portion of land which in all probability was once occupied by the city. Another obstacle is the alluvial deposits in the hollows between the hills. Here has been an accumulation of earth, sand and debris at the rate of a yard a century. It requires little imagination to appreciate the difficulty of uncovering an edifice

buried, say 20 centuries ago. It is reported that Lord Carnarvon moved 70,000 tons of earth before reaching Tutankhamen's tomb.

Under the Barcas family (Hasdrubal, Hamilcar, Hannibal, etc.), Carthage was a great center of wealth and commerce, with a population which has been estimated variously between 700,000 and 1,000,000. Its immense palaces and temples in astonishing number were the envy of other nations, and a great triple wall was built to protect the city on the land side. It was from 50 to 60 feet high and more than 30 feet thick, with casements at the ground level for 300 elephants, and above these stalls for 4,000 horses, vast storage space for food and supplies, and quarters for 24,000 men. . . . The buildings of Carthage prior to its destruction by the Romans, in 146 B. C., were in some cases seven stories high.

The utter devastation and obliteration of Carthage which for centuries following the Punic wars were thought to have taken place have been recently contradicted by exploration. Over the ruins long untouched dirt and sand had drifted, but mercifully preserving innumerable objects of art which escaped destruction. Twenty, forty and sixty feet below the surface have been unearthed the vestiges of the Byzantine, Roman, and Phoenician occupations.

The most sensational discovery lately was the Temple of Tanit, where human sacrifices were offered by the Carthaginians to the goddess of that name and to Baal Ammon. Literally hundreds of urns were found containing the bones of children from four to twelve years of age who had been burned alive. Small wonder that

the prophets of Israel spared no invective against Baal! The votive tablets we have discovered are invariably inscribed in the following form: "To the divinity Tanit, Face of Baal, and to the Lord Baal Ammon, a votive offering made by Hasdrubal because he has heard the voice of the goddess, blessed be she." The shocking ceremony of human sacrifice was especially resorted to when Carthage was in great danger from her enemies. Hundreds of children of the noblest families were offered up to placate the rage of the hideous god Baal, whose horned and bull-headed image stood in the temple in constant readiness to receive his living food. The arms of the idol were raised by pulleys, and amid the clashing of cymbals, the beating of drums, and a fanfare of musical instruments the sacrifices were dropped into the burning interior.

On the Hill of Juno we disclosed the roof of a Roman palace; then seven perfect mosaic floors of the first Roman period. There were hundreds of broken stones bearing inscriptions, fragments of statues, and a complete collection of African lamps of the period from 100 to 300 A. D. Beneath the mosaic floors a Punic ruin was discovered.

Among the ruins on the Hill of Juno was a vaulted chamber, which might have been the boudoir of a Carthaginian lady, where were found perfume bottles, bracelets of gold, ivory hairpins, bronze mirrors, nail scissors, ivory eyebrow sticks, and much iridescent glass. . . . In the Roman cisterns were revealed new wonders; an early Christian basilica with the tombs of martyrs and Christian inscriptions, many fine Byzantine relics, and seven statuettes of the Virgin Mary in terra cotta. As in the case of many of the chapels, this had doubtless been built in secrecy to escape the persecutions of the second century.

Twelve basilicas have been located, though only three have thus far been

properly excavated, and two of them are among the purest examples of Christian sanctuaries known.

Hundreds of tombs of martyrs lie to the north of the city. An inspection of the coffins frequently revealed three nails, indicating that the victim had been crucified. . . . In four months we found 5,000 coins in gold, silver, and bronze and Roman remains, including also pottery, frescoes, bracelets, jewels, rings and lamps. Vandal armor and strange lamps of barbaric shape recalled the inroads of the merciless followers of Genseric and Hunneric. The Museum of Carthage will rival in interest, it is believed, any of the world's great repositories for relics of the ancients. A pair of spectacles of the third century B. C., found in a Punic tomb, a terra cotta replica of an organ, pots of rouge and face powder, bronze razors and milk bottles found in the tombs of Carthaginian children, are also museum results of the researches of the archeologists.

The sea has risen three and one-half yards since Roman days, and there are many ruins under water in the gulf, north of the rebuilt city. From motion-picture films taken by airplane last summer it is quite evident that there are vast submarine walls at Cape Kamart. According to the descriptions of Roman historians, we know the port to have been circular at one time, with the admiral's military palace in the center. It is said that 220 galleys could be anchored at one time in the harbor. Actually a series of harbors, they were of imposing architecture and were marked off by gigantic columns, between which the ships were moored.

An airplane observed a sunken galley 120 feet below the surface of the water, the existence of which had been known to sponge divers. In the Bardo Museum of Tunis are magnificent marbles and bronzes taken from the ship, where they had reposed since 100 B. C.

In Defense of the Puritan

Excerpts from *The American Mercury* (April '24)

Walter Prichard Eaton

BEING myself a descendant, on both sides of my family, of the earliest settlers in the Bay Colony, I have a certain personal reaction when the adjective Puritan is contemptuously applied. (It is never, of course, applied except contemptuously.) A Puritan, it would appear, is anybody who assumes an I-am-holler-than-thou attitude, is afraid of the truth, shrinks from change, from speculation, even from honest doubt, and endeavors to compel all his neighbors to live and think as he does. A Puritan is a bigoted, petty moralist, and there is no joy in him. That is what, I gather, he is today. If that is what he always was, the settlement and early growth of America is certainly the most extraordinary phenomenon in the whole history of mankind.

But that, of course, isn't what he was, and the current critical usage of the word is a degradation, if not actually a perversion. I regard it as a pity, not a cause for rejoicing, that the thing, Puritanism, is not potent in our midst any longer. We need more Puritanism, not less, in our life and letters; and we need to recognize the fundamental virtues of the Pilgrim breed when we see them.

The Puritans in England closed all the theatres; but they also cut off the head of a king. The Puritans in America endeavored, with a passionate sincerity no sane person can doubt, to live, and to make everybody else in their communities live, according to the necessities of a terrible theology; but meanwhile they conquered a wilderness, flung ever westward the thin frontier of empire, and prepared the soil for what was to be the Eighteenth Century's great contribution to history, the ideal of democracy, of government as a contract with the governed.

And the spirit in which that dreary religious philosophy was at first accepted had everything to do with the Eighteenth Century, because it was a spirit of intense faith in the worth of the individual and of assertive independence of individual conscience. For his faith he was quite willing to be, and frequently was, a martyr. But being also an Elizabethan Englishman, for it he was quite ready to fight. Either way, he regarded his faith, his way of feeling, his individuality, much more highly than he regarded any existing customs, conventions or laws. In other words, he was a true revolutionist. What was Puritanism in its very inception but a revolution? What was the Mayflower compact but a revolution? People don't revolt, we are told nowadays, unless driven to it by hunger and misery. But the Puritans did. They revolted when somebody told them they should not believe thus and so, which happened to be what they did most intensely believe. They were not in the least afraid of change in customs, in the very fundamentals of society, if thus they could secure their own way. Their trust in God seems, indeed, to have been considerably mixed with an Emersonian "Trust Thyself."

"Trust Thyself—every heart vibrates to that iron string"—thus the Puritan Emerson, from Concord, more than two centuries later. Not every heart, in spite of Emerson, vibrates to an iron string. The seductive catgut is more to the taste of many. But they do not make revolutionists, and they do not make Puritans. When the Mayflower was on her way to the "stern and rock-bound" sand dunes of Cape Cod and Plymouth, many of the passengers were seasick and excited the profane

mirth of the sailors, who frequently added low-lived abuse to their jibes. The Pilgrim fathers and mothers bore this meekly, and naturally gained no respite by that scriptural method. But when, later, after the arrival, the crew were stricken with disease, and from fear of infection and hardness of heart refused aid one to another, it was the Pilgrims who cared for them. Self-trust and self-interest have little or nothing in common. The heart that vibrates to the iron string is always warmer than the heart of the sensualist.

The Puritan was a revolutionist for the right. He instinctively placed principle above expediency, his trust in himself above his trust in tradition, and possessed the fibre to put his convictions to any necessary experiment, however daring. Show me a man today, and I care not what his theological creed may be, who views the world and society as something

more, and something deeper, than a jumble of trade, politics and pleasure, as something which should step with the march of moral law and who himself looks for this moral law, in his own heart and his own intelligence, and determining it there trusts the verdict though kings or mobs or editors be against him, that man I will call a Puritan. He will speak or write with force and conviction. He will not belong to any pretty-pretty, or pee-wee school of life or literature. But he will respect the integrity of all honest individuals. He will hate sham, and cant, and timid shirking; he will insist that life has duties, and he will rejoice in doing them. He will be a man most men respect, and many admire. Not so many will follow him because to follow him will require character, purpose, spiritual integrity, the moral bravery which dares revolt.

Statement of ownership, etc., required by the Act of August 24, 1912, of The Reader's Digest, published monthly, at Floral Park, N. Y., for April 1, 1924, State of New York, County of Westchester, ss.: Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared DeWitt Wallace, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of The Reader's Digest and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit, 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, The Reader's Digest Association, Pleasantville, N. Y. Editors, DeWitt Wallace, Pleasantville, N. Y.; Lila Bell Acheson, Pleasantville, N. Y.; H. J. Cubberley, Pleasantville, N. Y.; Managing Editor, DeWitt Wallace. Business Manager None. 2. That the owners are: The Reader's Digest Association, Pleasantville, N. Y. Stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock: DeWitt Wallace, Lila Bell Acheson, H. J. Cubberley. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and their security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the full list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company as trustees or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, if given; also, that the two said paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. DeWitt Wallace (Signature of Managing Editor.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th of April, 1924. Wm. Foshay, Notary Public.

Where Man Is Lord of Leisure

Condensed from Asia, The American Magazine on the Orient (April '24)

Edward A. Salisbury

WHEN I announced at Medan, in the north of Sumatra, that I was going into the Batak country, I was told that four years ago one tribe had pinned their Dutch Controleur against a wall and cut him to pieces with their knives. Then they ate the palms of his hands, the soles of his feet and his tongue, because with his hands he wrote their laws, with his feet he walked among them and with his tongue he gave orders.

After this story, our journey's end proved a surprise. Up through jungle-covered mountains we rode all day until we reached a plateau, cut off from the world by a ring of smoking volcanoes. Twenty miles farther on, we arrived at a low bungalow set on a bit of green grass, and there a tall white man, spectacled and unarmed, greeted us cheerfully in good English: "I am the controleur of this district. My name is Mulder. Come in."

His people, the Karo-Bataks, are water-dwellers who have lost their sea; for once their country was covered by an inland sea. The big, beautiful houses, built without nails, look like ships on stilts. These the people call "boats," as they call their villages "islands," the names having come down from the long-ago time before their sea flowed away.

The men play chess with the skill of habitués of Vienna and Warsaw coffee-houses. They dress in gay-colored skirts, ride bareback, like our Indians, and carry long knives, with which they hack one another to pieces on the slightest pretext. The women drag crude wooden plows, as if they were beasts, and do all the manual labor, but they have such hardy independence that they hang themselves when they fail to have

children or are forced to marry men they hate.

With their hatred of foreign domination, the Karo-Bataks have refused to listen to missionaries and have kept up the demon-worship of their forefathers. In one village I observed a house with a window-like opening. I was surprised, for it was the first window I had seen. Mulder explained that the reason for it was that a man was lying dead within and the family had made the hole to pass the body through. They had not dared to carry it out the door for fear the ghost might remember how it went out and find its way back. It had no chance to get back through the hole; for this they closed immediately after sliding the body through. They carried the corpse a mile away from the village by a roundabout route, so that it would not recognize the road back, and they buried it facing away from the village. In its armpits they placed eggs, thinking that it would not get up for fear of breaking them. As a final precaution, the relatives of the dead man dressed in their oldest clothes for a few days after the funeral, so that, if the ghost came back, it would not be jealous, but would go away again and leave them in peace. The old men try to fool the death-demon. When an elderly man thinks his days are numbered, he invites all his friends to his funeral. A corpse lies in state, dressed in the host's best clothing. But the corpse is really only a log of wood carved to resemble a man. This log, followed to the grave by loudly weeping mourners, is buried with all ceremony. The old man hopes that the death-demon will notice the funeral, and, believing him already dead, will not come for him.

One of Mulder's chief problems is to make life easier for the women. They plow, hoe, pound rice, cook, sew, weave and dye. The only burden I ever saw a man carry was a horse-hide mat. Every man has one and never goes out without it. Whenever he meets an acquaintance, down goes the mat, the two men collect a handful of pebbles, mark out a chessboard in the sand and fall to playing.

I used to see men riding about with apparent aimlessness. "They are going to visit their wives," explained Mulder. It seems that each Batak man has several wives, and for each he has a home. When he marries, the chief of the bride's village assigns him a place in a house there and gives him a plot of village land. When he takes a second wife, he gets another home in the second village; for a third wife, a third home, and so on. Thus he spends much of his time in circuit-riding from village to village on visits to his different wives. Each wife works her rice-field for him, supplying him with what money he wants for gambling. The more wives he has, the richer he is. Girl children also mean wealth; for they can do a certain amount of labor. The girls are practically sold as wives, and, that they may be the more valuable, their virginity is protected.

The Dutch decided that, if the Karo-Bataks treated their women as property, they would have to pay taxes on them. So now the women are on the tax list with horses and cattle. A Batak man must pay a six-per-cent tax on every woman over 18 years old in his many households. Since every able-bodied woman is considered to be worth about \$30, and each man has from three to five families, the total tax collected amounts up to a considerable sum.

Of all the transplanters of civilization I have met, Mulder was perhaps the most level-headed. "Change should come naturally," he said. "If

you alter the conditions under which the Karo-Batak lives, you must show him, by examples a thousand times repeated, how to meet the new life. Formerly, for instance, all members of a tribe were forced by frequent tribal wars to live close together in one unsanitary village. This crowding is no longer necessary. But their forefathers have lived in a certain manner, and they can understand no change. So, instead of giving them lectures, I have built roads. By the side of one of the first roads, I constructed a one-family house. Then I found a family to live in it. For months nothing happened. Finally, the Karo-Bataks saw that the wives of this man who lived directly on his field, instead of in a village several miles from it, saved the long walk to and from work. They also saw that the members of this family were happier than the dwellers in a huge house where 20 families squabbled together. As a result, many have left the huddled villages and made their homes along the roads. Already the life of the women seems to be easier.

"Formerly, because of the tribal wars, there was a large death-rate. Now that the wars have been discontinued, the population is increasing. It is a problem I must meet; for, with their antiquated methods of agriculture, they are unable to raise sufficient food. I have ordered modern plows and a Ford tractor. But I will force no one to use them. I must show by example, always example. I have a scheme to get the money. There are 20,000 pairs of enormously heavy silver earrings worn by the women. I must show a field cultivated in a modern way, and prove that it means wealth far greater than the wealth of silver ornaments. Then perhaps the council of chiefs will advise their people to bring in the earrings for me to sell. Thus I hope to cultivate the land."

Bird Architects

Condensed from Nature Magazine (April '24)

L. W. Brownell

BIRDS may well be said to represent, in their nest-building activities, the different vocations of mankind. There are the miners represented by the kingfishers, bank swallows and burrowing owls, which excavate tunnels in the earth and construct an enlarged chamber at the end wherein to deposit their eggs and rear their young. The woodpeckers are fairly efficient carpenters for, using their bills as chisels, they make deep excavations in the limbs and trunks of dead or even living trees in which to make their abode. Those birds which, like some of the thrushes, employ a clayey mud in the foundations of their nests, may well be called the masons. Where is it possible to find more dextrous weavers than are the orioles of our country or the weaver birds of Africa and India? Then there is the little tailor bird of India, whose specialty is the sewing together of several large leaves to form a bag wherein he places his nest. His bill forms the needle, and the long, pliable fibers of different plants, or even strands from a spider's web, form the thread. Our little marsh wren is an accomplished plaiter of reeds. His abode is a symmetrical ball of plaited rush leaves, warmly lined with the cat-tail pappus, and so closely woven as to be entirely impervious to the hardest driving storm. No basket-maker can hope to surpass the skill of our vireos, whose cup-shaped nests, woven of strips of grapevine and other vine and weed bark, grasses and like material, are real marvels of symmetry and beauty. The barn swallows were the original brickmakers, and the cliff swallows can well be called the first pottery makers. The chimney swifts are joiners which use a glue of their

own secretion with which to join together the twigs of which their nest is composed and attach the whole to the inside of a chimney. There are several species of swift that inhabit the Molucca islands whose nests are composed entirely of a gelatinous secretion of the salivary glands which hardens quickly upon coming into contact with the air. These are the nests from which is made the famous bird's nest soup so highly prized by the epicures of the east. In Australia there are birds that actually build incubators, great mounds of decaying vegetable matter that, acted upon by the rays of the sun, generate a heat sufficient to hatch the eggs that are deposited in the midst of them. In this country we have a bird which is still more lazy, the cowbird, which lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, thus forcing them to hatch them and feed the young.

When we examine a bird's nest and consider that it has all been made by two little creatures with no other appliances than their feet and bills, the wonder is not alone that the finished article is so perfect and of such beauty, but that the builders were able to accomplish its construction at all.

The one great end for which all the birds strive in their nest building is protection for their young through invisibility. One of the very best examples of this is the dainty little jewel of a nest built by the ruby-throated humming bird. Saddled on the horizontal limb of a tree, this diminutive nest is so covered on the outside with bits of lichen as to resemble almost exactly an excrescence on the limb itself, thus making it extremely difficult to locate. In the case of such birds as build extremely

rudimentary nests, or none at all, such as the terns, gulls, sandpipers, and other shore nesting birds, their eggs closely resemble, in both their color and markings, the sand and pebbles on which they are laid.

The nest-building faculty of the birds has been the subject of a popular myth for years which has accredited them with a sort of sixth sense which enabled the young to build their first nest entirely typical of their species and as perfect as those made by the older, more experienced builders. That instinct does play a small part in the successful carrying out of this work is undoubtedly true, but it is truer still that this instinct is largely qualified by an imitative and also an actual reasoning faculty. That imitation is one of the greatest factors in the actual building of the nest is abundantly evidenced by the fact that birds reared in captivity have but little idea of nest-building, merely dragging together a heterogeneous mass of material without shape or individuality. Moreover, if the birds were without any reasoning power, then each succeeding generation would not only construct their nests in exactly the same manner but place them in the same situations as did their ancestors. The chimney swift, which, before houses with chimneys were built, lived and built its nests in hollow trees, now usually finds chimneys more satisfactory and infinitely safer. The barn swallow, which formerly built its nest on a ledge on the side of some cliff or cave, now generally makes use of rafters of our barns as offering better protection both from the elements and his enemies. The natural nesting place of the phoebe is a narrow ledge on the face of some cliff, but the greater majority now find that bridges, outhouses and other man-made structures offer more advantageous situations. One could con-

tinue the list almost indefinitely, but I think that this is enough to prove the contention that the birds are far from being the unreasoning creatures of instinct that most of us believe them to be.

Birds occasionally use strange material in the construction of their nests. I once found the nest of a yellow warbler composed entirely of cotton waste; a nest of the Baltimore oriole woven completely of red and blue yarn; and the nest of a wood thrush composed entirely of an old newspaper torn into strips and held together with mud. The Rev. J. G. Wood mentions finding in Switzerland the nest of a wagtail made entirely of watch springs which the birds had collected from the rubbish heap of a nearby factory. Mr. Hudson tells of a spotted flycatcher whose nest, found in London, was made of wax matches, and he also mentions the nest of a pigeon made entirely of hairpins and wire.

Abnormal nesting sites are also far from unusual. I have found the Wilson's thrush, which normally builds upon the ground, making its nests in saplings 12 to 15 feet above the ground. I have, upon several occasions, found robin's nests in old woodpiles, and I once found the nest of a song sparrow in a hay mow inside of a barn, and that of a kingbird on top of a stump standing in the middle of a pond. Nests have been found in innumerable unlikely places. All of which proves that birds are not entirely the creatures of habit and instinct.

The nest of a bird is used only during the breeding season and deserted, with a few exceptions, never to be used again after the brood has left. Notwithstanding, the construction is as thorough as though the nest were to be used for years instead of a few short weeks at most, as is usually the case.

The President Can't Do the Impossible

Condensed from *The American Magazine* (April '24)

James C. Derieux

IF the President of the United States did all the things he is asked to do in any one day, he would travel several thousand miles in order to deliver upward of a dozen speeches in as many different states, appoint scores of men to office, address delegations, shake hands with hundreds of callers, consider all sorts of schemes for curing all sorts of ills, congratulate a few parents who have written him of their new babies, give personal advice to persons who are in trouble, write a debate for a schoolboy—and goodness knows what else!

And when he got through with all these things there would be waiting for him several long lists of questions from people who want to know his views on public issues, a whole batch of pictures to be autographed, and from 200 to 2,000 letters to answer. Before he could call it a day there probably would be a bet or two to settle for some voters who had been disputing over something, several proclamations to issue, setting aside a day or a week for this, that, or the other cause, and a few gifts of money, and maybe a wedding present to bestow.

With these, and other things, out of the way, he would be fairly free to attend to the arduous duties of his great office!

Several years ago one of the favorite features for luncheon and dinner gatherings was to have an address over the long-distance telephone delivered by a man in some high position. A White House official kept tab of such invitations extended to President Harding, and this is what his record showed for just one day: There were dozens of requests of this kind from cities in the Eastern Time belt. The luncheons began at noon,

and were over at two o'clock; but there were not enough "five or ten minutes" between noon and two o'clock to permit the President to make all the talks he was asked to make. There were other luncheon parties in the Central Time belt, which is one hour behind Eastern Time. In the Mountain Time and Pacific Time belts there were still other midday gatherings. . . . Then there were dinners and banquets also on the same day, and for many of these in every time belt the President was asked to talk over the long-distance wires. . . . Had President Harding accepted all these invitations, he would have been speaking into a telephone from noon until one the next morning, or 13 hours! Even then, because of the conflict in time, he could not have made more than one third of the talks he was asked to make!

Of course he didn't accept. If, indeed, he had accepted just one of the invitations, the whole country would have read about it, and the result would have been an even greater flood of invitations. Every President has to be careful not to set a precedent that will interfere with his official duties.

"Just a few sentences from you will win the debate for my side," wrote a schoolboy. He was preparing for the biggest debate in his district. . . . The man in the White House cannot speak as a private citizen; his utterances are official. Any comment he might make for a student would be published in every newspaper, and then, at commencement season each year the White House mail would be so heavy that a team of army mules could scarcely haul it! The schoolboy orator has a close kinsman in the preacher, teach-

er, or lecturer who wants the President to fill out a long list of answers to carefully prepared questions. But one list of questions answered would call forth dozens of other questionnaires.

The church society which recently asked the President to send some small gift—a handkerchief, or just anything—to be auctioned off, thought it was asking a very simple thing. But one request of this kind acceded to would mean hundreds of others.

The White House files, according to those who keep them, contain what must be a good census of the triplets born in the United States. Letters of this kind became the custom during Roosevelt's Administration. In his time there was a story that went the rounds. A man notified the President that triplets had been born in his house, and in answer Mr. Roosevelt was said to have sent a loving cup. But the man knew that a cup of this nature is not, as a rule, permanently in the possession of anyone who has won it but one time. So he wrote back to ask: "Is the cup mine outright, or do I have to win it three times?"

Scarcely a day passes that the President is not asked to issue a proclamation, "proclaiming" everything that has ever happened of local or national importance. If he issued a proclamation every time he is asked to do so, there wouldn't be enough days to go round! . . . And the weeks he is asked to set aside for various purposes! . . . Naturally, our Presidents refrain from issuing a great number of proclamations. Familiarity breeds contempt, you know, and a proclamation in the newspapers every day in the year would become a bore.

There's not a "cause" in all the land that wouldn't like to have the President's name on its letterhead, and a considerable proportion of these causes ask him to place it there. But if he did so his name would become meaningless in this connection.

Anyway, the White House can't be too careful about the things it endorses. . . . As for memorial trees—well, if he planted all that we want him to plant, he would be the greatest forester the world ever knew.

One of Mr. Harding's assistants kept track of the number of requests for photographs. "There were some months," he told me, "in which the President would have spent his entire salary buying photographs, if he had granted such requests. . . . To grant all the requests of autograph collectors who merely want a signature might mean an extra half-hour's work on some day when the Chief Executive is already tired out with his duties.

People come to see the President for the same reasons that others write to him—which means for every reason under the sun. . . . The President is commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy; he directs our foreign relations; he must make thousands of appointments to office, and must oversee the operations of the various governmental departments. There are hundreds of senators, congressmen, and other officials with whom he must consult about matters of importance; and frequently he meets with his Cabinet. He is also head of the national budget, which is no easy task in itself. He must keep track of proposed legislation; and when Congress has passed a measure, he must approve or disapprove of it. . . . Surely all this is enough of a job for one man! So when you write, or call, and don't get what you want, just remember that the President has immensely important things to do; and that his time, as with the rest of us, is limited to 24 hours a day, a part of which must be spent in sleeping and eating. The President appreciates the invitations—but he can't—he just can't do everything we ask of him.

Labor's Blow to Caste in Britain

Excerpts from *The World's Work* (April '24)

Sir Philip Gibbs

QUIETLY and without violence a social revolution has happened in England. The strongest barriers in the social structure of Great Britain have been smashed. Departed are the privileges, so long and so jealously guarded, of a wealthy and leisured crowd who spoke with a certain accent learned at the public schools and Universities, who dressed in a particular way which was so much a matter of importance that a gentleman of the old school would have died rather than be seen in the wrong kind of tie, and who shared among themselves the high offices of State, whatever party was in power, by right of blood, rank, or possessions. Broken for all time is the belief of the "upper class" as they called themselves, with a complacent self-conceit that the masses of manual labor would never rise to the possibility of leadership because of their social ignorance, their bad manners, their way of speech, and their general inferiority.

By a political upheaval of factory hands, agricultural laborers, and the inhabitants of mean streets, resentful of the present distress caused by the price of war and a bad peace, the old traditions of English aristocracy have received a knock-out blow. On the night of the election which defeated the Conservatives, a lady of the old aristocratic caste expressed the feeling of the patrician crowd, when she said to me, "Our day is done. Democracy will sit in the high places of the land. We shall be ruled by men who have had no previous experience of government and who do not inherit our traditions. I'm not afraid. It may be best so. But it is the end of a chapter and nothing will ever be the same again."

On the whole, the conservative

classes have taken their defeat in a good humored way and have shown the utmost courtesy to the Labor crowd who have stepped into their places. But it is idle to pretend that among the people of the old regime there is not a sense of the world having slipped beneath their feet when the Government of Great Britain has been taken over by six coal miners, three mill workers, one iron moulder, one engine cleaner, two engineers, one telegraph operator, one hair-dresser, and three elementary school teachers—although Ramsay MacDonald has added to his cabinet two or three peers, a former Viceroy of India, and sprinkling of "high-brows."

It is a shock to every English tradition that a man like John R. Clynes, born and bred in mean streets, should be Lord Privy Seal of England, an office which in former days was given only to great noblemen. It is almost a matter of apoplexy to elderly generals that the Secretary of State for War should be little Stephen Walsh, who was brought up in a board school and who would fall off a horse if he knew which side to mount.

But it was the doorkeepers of the government offices who were the most astonished men, the most outraged caste, on the morning when the Labor party took over the reins of power. They came down to Whitehall at an early hour—far too early for permanent officials—wearing dump hats and rather shabby overcoats, carrying hand bags, and looking rather like commercial travelers on their morning round. . . . Some of the porters, and messengers in the government offices have been mightily embarrassed because the new ministers shake hands with them in a genial and comradely way.

These new Labor ministers have already stirred up the civil service and broken the crusted traditions of the permanent officials. The heads of departments did not get to work before 11 o'clock. But Ramsay MacDonald and his friends have not only begun work themselves at 10 o'clock and earlier but have insisted that the heads of departments get busy at the same time. Already thousands of temporary clerks, whose jobs are no longer of service to the State, have been dismissed.

On the other hand the new Labor ministers have none of the arrogance of the newly arrived Jack in office, and their politeness to some of their visitors of high degree is extremely embarrassing to the latter. Stephen Walsh is entirely unable to conceal his reverence for generals, and whenever any of them seek his presence he stands almost to attention, refuses to sit while they are standing, and shows them to the door which he insists upon opening himself. "Look here," said Field Marshal Sir William Robertson, "you musn't do that, you know! You're my chief now."

The Foreign Office and the diplomatic service have been most shaken in spirit by the invasion of democracy. More even than the civil service, their ranks were recruited solely from the aristocracy. Their appointments were by patronage and given mostly to men of noble family. They could speak foreign languages, but they could not understand the English language unless it was spoken in the accent of Christ Church, Oxford. They shuddered if any visitor wore the wrong number of buttons on his coat. Now it is an awful thing to them to know that a man named Jim O'Grady has been offered appointment as Ambassador to Russia.

High society in England has not yet recovered from the announcement that the King has approved of a

number of appointments of Labor members to offices in the Royal household. A Scottish miner is a Lord Commissioner of His Majesty's Treasury. . . . It is not easy to imagine the Royal Court invaded by men who began life in mines and factories and who have not practiced the art of walking backward in State ceremonies or looking graceful and picturesque figures in Court costumes.

The whole question of costume is disturbing high society. Now really what is going to happen to poor old England when the political hostesses of Downing Street are ladies who have been in the habit of making their own dresses, cooking their own meals, and even doing their own domestic washing?

The barriers between classes have broken down. The old prerogatives of wealth and birth have passed for ever. The younger generation of England cannot count any more on getting good jobs and stepping into their fathers' shoes merely because they happen to be the sons of their fathers. Besides, the members of this Labor Government, even those who came from the working ranks, are not mere ignorant damagogues but are on the whole quite as well educated as their conservative opponents and, in many cases, more entitled to the term of "intellectual" than those who speak with the Oxford accent.

In my opinion it is inevitable that the spirit of democracy is bound to prevail over old habits of thought which have outlived their meaning. Meanwhile the humorists in high places are waiting for the next State ceremony, when Tom Griffiths of the Steel Smelters Union directs the peers and peeresses to their places with a white wand, and when Johnny Parkinson is confronted by a strike of Royal servants because he shakes hands with the flunkys.

The Receding Tide of Democracy

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly (April '24)

H. H. Powers

THE problem of political organization remains one of the great interests of mankind. Yet, I believe, no one has attempted to estimate the influence of the war on democracy or the principle of self-government. While the recent conflict resulted in the most sweeping changes in government, affecting two or three hundred millions of the human race, changes almost wholly in the apparent interest of democracy, surprisingly little attention has been paid to these changes, and the note of exultation has been conspicuously lacking. . . .

It may be well to recall at the outset that the traditional faith in democracy is of comparatively recent origin. The founders of our republic accepted the principle with many misgivings. If these men only half believed in democracy, the statesmen of Europe in their day did not believe in it at all. Even among the more advanced statesmen of England denunciation of democratic principles was as common as among German statesmen of a century later.

The next century and a quarter, from 1789 to 1914, witnessed a remarkable change of sentiment. Doubts slowly yielded and hopes increased until democracy became the hope of humanity. First of all, American democracy made good. Fair-minded men in Europe could not but be impressed by such a record. In fact they were unduly impressed by it and, like ourselves, attributed to democracy much that was due to other causes.

But this was not the only triumph of democracy. Before half a century had passed, all Latin America had thrown off the yoke of allegiance to Europe and adopted constitutions like our own. France had followed promptly in our footsteps,

and Canada and Australia had unmistakably mapped out a democratic future. Later China added herself to the group.

Less conspicuous but more significant was the change wrought in States still outwardly monarchical. Great Britain retained her king but transferred his prerogatives to the Commons, leaving him indeed a useful functionary but in no sense a ruler. Influenced by American and British example, the idea gained currency that Anglo-Saxon prosperity was due to constitutional government. Constitutions were therefore extorted or willingly granted in nearly all the monarchies of Europe and even in far-away Japan. Russia fell into line in 1905, Turkey in 1908, and even Persia a little later.

It is true that these constitutions varied greatly in the powers conferred upon the people, some—like those of Germany and Japan—refusing to recognize the responsibility of ministers to the representative body, while that of Russia largely withheld from popular control some of the most important departments of government. But it was popularly believed that the whole was a ratchet movement which could end in but one way. . . . Potentially, therefore, the world had been won for democracy before the year 1914.

To be sure, the quarter century immediately preceding the World War somewhat moderated men's faith in democracy. It witnessed the failure of democracy in Liberia, the virtual cancellation of Negro suffrage in the South, the collapse of the Caribbean republics and the growing tendency to deadlock in the popular governments of Europe. Men took a more sober view and allowed time for the realization of their hopes.

However, the pronouncement that the World War was fought to make the world safe for democracy struck a popular chord. There was a general conviction that such a triumph would go far to ensure the world against a repetition of the great horror. And the first result seemed to promise the fulfillment of these hopes. Before the war ended, the Russian autocracy had collapsed. With the collapse of the Central Powers fell the most venerable and firmly established dynasties of Europe. In Germany alone 22 hereditary rulers lost their thrones. Even the one country where democracy seemed impossible has since dismissed its sultan and elected a president.

It is needless to say that the whole performance had about the same relation to the establishment of democracy that Fourth-of-July fireworks have to the winning of a battle. Back of this pyrotechnic display, it is true, there was something of real achievement. The German Empire, for instance, had long had its Reichstag elected on a basis of complete manhood suffrage, but the principle of ministerial responsibility to the Reichstag had been successfully resisted by the Emperor. His overthrow removed the obstacle to the complete recognition of the democratic principle. Much the same was true of the Central Powers, where the powers of government were divided between popular institutions and the monarch. Popular government was encroaching steadily on monarchical prerogative, and the disappearance of the monarchs, in theory, completed the transfer.

This period of showy and more or less nominal triumph, however, has been followed by a series of unmistakable defeats. The case of Russia comes first to mind. There was a real beginning of popular government in Russia in the decade preceding the war, and the extinction of these incipient institutions constitutes one of the most serious losses that democracy has suffered. . . .

In 1905, following the disasters of the war with Japan, popular pressure extorted from a weak tsar a constitution which provided, among other things, for an elective assembly or Duma, elected by practically manhood suffrage. On the other hand the Duma was given but little authority over such important departments as foreign affairs, finance, the army, and the royal household. During the later years of the decade, however, it developed a serious programme, compelled increasing recognition, and showed an unmistakable determination to champion the popular cause. Indeed, it is this Duma, headed, it is true, by Milyukoff, that overturned the autocracy in 1917. But with the brake of tsardom removed, the new Government went spinning down the toboggan slide of revolution. After Milyukoff came Kerensky and after him Lenin. Lenin has demonstrated immense ability, probably the greatest of any man in our time. But Lenin was never a democrat. To him the hope of the world lay in communism. . . . Had the tsarist regime continued, there can be little doubt that an evolution more nearly like that of England would have been the lot of Russia. At present there seems to be no such prospect. Present-day Russia is not even incipiently democratic. . . .

Italy furnishes another example of territory recently lost to democracy. The fact that the recent revolution occurred without violence and that the machinery of popular government has been preserved and to some extent utilized has obscured the fundamental character of the change. From first to last there was no appeal to law. Mussolini boldly declared that the Fascisti were going to govern Italy—under the constitution if possible, without it if necessary. Soon all talk of the constitution ceased. Fifty thousand strong they marched on Rome, and the king called Mussolini to form a ministry. Nominally there was a shadowy regularity in this; but as the Fascisti had but a feeble following in Parliament, the spirit of the Constitution was obvi-

ously violated. Mussolini addressed Parliament and told each House in turn that they might stay and play at governing if they would rubber-stamp his programme otherwise he would send them home. They voted to remain on his terms. The entire Fascisti movement was extra-legal and continues so, not only at the centre but in the details of administration. The organization constitutes a supergovernment without a shadow of legality but with the only real authority in Italy today. And is this a democratic source of authority? The answer is not doubtful. Mussolini is master and he does not hesitate to show his mastery. Nor does he fortify himself behind orders in council. His decrees are written in the first person and bear only his personal signature. Beyond the measure of most autocrats he seems to reach his own decisions and assert his own authority. Mussolini has won Italy, and foreign opinion, too; the passing of democracy calls forth surprisingly little protest. . . .

I was in Madrid at the time of the collapse of constitutional government in Spain. There was no disturbance, no excitement, scarcely even moderate interest. There was a universal conviction that the Government was hopelessly corrupt and incompetent, and that it had won and retained power by bribery and the manipulation of electoral machinery. Banking on this feeling of the people, a group of generals conspired to oust the Government. The ministry fled the country. The king called the Barcelona general to form a Government, which he did, not in the constitutional form, but in the form of a military "directorate." This was followed by the declaration of martial law and the substitution of generals for the provincial governors throughout the kingdom. The country acquiesced with scarce a voice of protest. The movement is apparently patriotic and the house-cleaning now in progress is eminently wholesome and long overdue. But here is a people which, a hundred years ago,

fought with desperate energy for its constitution and which has since been living in the full enjoyment of a well-developed constitutional government. And this people witness the passing of all this in complete indifference.

In 1905 Austria adopted a new constitution. Great attention was paid to the principle of proportional representation in Parliament. Every element in the polygot realm was represented by numbers equitably proportioned to its importance. The Parliament thus elected remained in session for four years and accomplished virtually nothing. Each element was in a minority and insisted upon its right of minority veto. Race antagonisms overrode all public interests. It was with a sigh of relief that the country heard the message of the aged Kaiser sending these wranglers to their homes. Democracy failed to solve the problem of that heterogeneity. And, be it noted, we in the United States are not exempt from heterogeneity. There is always heterogeneity, of class or of section if not of race, and the principle of proportional representation, so often lauded, guarantees no more solution in one case than in another. . . .

Turkey has abolished her sultanate, and placed the supreme authority in an elective assembly and president. But our confidence in the prospect reposes in the character of the strong man at the head rather than in the institutions of popular government. I am not sure but our confidence is based largely upon the fact that the strong man at the head is in reality little hampered by constitutional limitations. The proof that the new government rests on the popular will is not conclusive, since the strong man drove through the Assembly a bill making it high treason to propose the restoration of the sultanate. Thus, it was made a capital offense to urge the very programme on which the opposition was preparing to appeal to the electorate.

It is too early to pass judgment on the new democracies in Germany and the other Central Powers. Acting under popular mandate the country has pursued a policy which has plunged it into hopeless ruin. But perhaps a different government would have done no better. . . . More significant but more difficult would be the study of the older democracies—such as France, Great Britain, and the United States. Here there is little apprehension of collapse and a fair measure of success has undeniably been achieved. But there are disquieting symptoms. Both Britain and the United States have recently lost the conditions of majority rule and have fallen, at least for the present, into a condition of partial paralysis. We are to have emasculated programmes, blocs, and deals. The class struggle, too, shows ominous signs of getting out of hand. . . . Dean Inge notes as the most conspicuous fact in English life today a widespread revolt against majority rule. . . .

These observations lead to no novel conclusions. If we seek an explanation for the failure of democracy in the cases mentioned, we shall, of course, find it in the general facts of ignorance and selfishness, in the lawlessness of individuals and of groups. But that there is a more specific principle or practice that is wrecking democracy today I think cannot be doubted. The thing that made a fiasco of the Russian Duma, that reduced Italian and Spanish democracy to impotence and contempt, that has tied the hands of the American Senate, and that threatens the oldtime stability of the British government, is simply the refusal loyally to accept the principle of majority rule. The refusal may come in the form of violation of law, disreputable in an isolated individual but condoned and held up to honor in the case of a brazen minority. It may come in the making of law, in the filibuster, and the minority hold-

up. In whatever form it comes, it is in essence lawlessness and anarchy. As such it spells doom to democracy. There is and can be no democracy without honest acceptance of the will of the majority. Democracy is nothing else than the rule of the majority, as autocracy is in essence the rule of the minority. For minority rule with adequate constructive powers and ultimate responsibility there is much to be said. For majority rule there is also much to be said.

But for majority rule with minority veto there is nothing to be said. The majority can do nothing because the minority obstructs, and the minority can do nothing because it is the minority. The result is stalemate and government paralysis, the worst of all vices and the one most certain to bring retribution.

The principle of minority veto has wrecked democracy in Italy, in Austria, and in Spain. It is this that menaces democracy in Britain and America. It is found not only in nefarious alliance with the selfish and the predatory, but in the complacent pose of patriotism and superior virtue. Though the principle of majority rule is basic to our political philosophy, it is accepted in practice by no section, no party, no militant ideal. The individual who surrenders his hobby to the will of the majority is pilloried as a traitor to principle. Above the clash of self-interest and the din of individual opinion, is heard the exhortation of the idealist to stand by your hobby though the heavens fall. . . .

Do we believe in democracy? It is time for a searching of heart. Do we believe in the loyal acceptance of the will of the majority—not a will which wholly meets our approval but a will based on mutual concessions to which we have contributed our share? Or are we prepared to defy that mandate and discredit its decisions to secure ends more selfish—or perchance more ideal—than the majority wills?

As I Like It

Excerpts from Scribner's Magazine (April '24)

William Lyon Phelps

MR. BOK'S peace prize has been awarded, and there is, as there was bound to be, much disappointment; for there were many who seem to have expected some ready and easy solution of the greatest problem in the world. Nevertheless, the offering of the prize was itself a valuable contribution to the cause, for which all lovers of civilization should be grateful. Only good can come from constant discussion; for the more war is discussed, the more absurd it will appear. The campaign of education will be greatly assisted by a huge referendum; and if an enormous majority should declare themselves to be in favor of some practical plan of peace, the pressure on Congressional and Presidential opinion ought to be productive. The real difficulty is of course, in the human heart; until that time comes when the majority of people will actually be willing to make one-hundredth of the sacrifices for peace that they joyfully make for war, all peace plans will have a flavor of impracticability. Even now, it is unfortunately true that the man who invents some new destructive weapon seems to the average citizen more practical than the man who proposes some scheme for world-peace.

There is much talk of outlawing war; of declaring war to be a crime and those who promote it to be criminals. But alas! the moment war breaks out, no matter for what reason—and there was no reason for the World War—those who then oppose it seem to the vast majority of their fellow citizens to be worse criminals than robbers and murderers. Fighting is a natural instinct, which, like all natural instincts, must be controlled by reason, morality, and religion. When nations adopt the

code that now prevails among enlightened individuals, war will cease. In my judgment, the only way to stop war is to believe in Christianity. The Founder of Christianity has given us all the knowledge that is necessary on this as on every other moral problem. He was the wisest and most practical teacher that the world has ever known.

Although the Bok prize plan has been greeted by some "practical" men with ridicule, it is well to remember that even the silliest plan to promote peace is not nearly so silly as war. A competition among idiots in a lunatic asylum could not produce a scheme more absurd than the one which has generally been adopted by statesmen. . . .

As a candidate for the Ignoble Prize, I suggest all pictures of Still Life. You know what I mean, for it is, for some unknown reason, a common mural decoration, especially in dining-rooms. There is a large basket of fruit, usually overset, so that out of it come tumbling apples, peaches, bananas, apples and grapes. This is thought to be Art; it is in reality so stupid and tiresome that how people can endure looking at it three times a day and every day in the year is an unanswerable question. There is only one thing worse in a dining-room than pictures of fruit, and that is pictures of huge dead fish, with their horrible mouths agape. . . .

The death of Basil Gildersleeve removes one of the best classical scholars. He had in a high degree the three qualities that, taken together, make the ideal college professor. He was a profound scholar; he was an inspiring teacher; he was a striking personality. It has always seemed strange to me that any

man could devote his life to the study of Homer, Euripides, Aristophanes, and Plato and yet be dull. There are, however, many melancholy examples. How do they, living in daily contact with such poetry, drama, wisdom, humor, philosophy, with such immortal representatives of all that is most human in humanity, contrive to be themselves either inhuman or dehumanized? Of the enormous number of undergraduates exposed to scholarship, only a small proportion catch it; but this fact is not nearly so astonishing as the fact that teachers of classical literature, who are exposed every day to the finest illustrations of men and women, should themselves remain as juiceless as a Saratoga potato. . . .

Among the scores of autobiographies recently published, I have obtained much delight out of "Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor," by the famous publisher, Henry Holt. The author is so lovable, so warm-hearted, and possesses such a genius for friendship, that his account of the men he has known would restore even a cynic's faith in humanity. . . . It is interesting to observe all through Mr. Holt's books his continual onslaughts on Christian dogma, which he thinks utterly incredible, while believing with all his might that the Society for Psychical Research has proved the doctrine of human immortality! I have seldom known anyone who has rejected religious creeds who did not swallow something which to the religious mind is either very shaky or absolutely incredible. Such tricks are played with reason. We cannot live without faith. Those who have no Christian faith will often believe in spirit seances, and those who believe neither in religion nor in mediums will have supreme faith in themselves, which is perhaps the funniest thing in the world. . . . Yet, after all, Mr. Holt believes that love is the greatest of all forces, which, as Browning says, is the one fact best worth knowing, the only fact that makes us truly wise. . . .

The original and brilliant novelist, Compton Mackenzie, has lately conceived such a passion for the music of the needle that he has founded a monthly magazine, called "The Gramophone." The purpose of the magazine is to emphasize the educational, joy-giving possibilities of the best records. He takes pains to point out that the periodical has been subsidized by no one except himself; that it is not an organ of any manufacturer. In every number there are admirable suggestions. Mr. Mackenzie says that Percy Schole's new book, "The Listener's History of Music" (which I have just ordered), "will lend a new interest to many of your records, and teach you, as it has taught me, more about music than any book I have read for some time." . . . It is interesting to observe that two English novelists, Compton Mackenzie and Archibald Marshall, have collaborated on a book, "Gramophone Nights," which contains 31 programs, selected and arranged "one for each night of the month, with introductions, explanations, and descriptions." . . .

I have received, as was to be expected, innumerable letters about cats and dogs. In opposition to my statement that the dog will not hunt alone, two correspondents wrote that they had dogs which went off hunting woodchucks. Yes, but they went in pairs, not alone. One of the worst things that can be said about dogs is that they are like small boys—they draw each other into evil. It is a commonplace in a sheep country that if you own two dogs you must either keep them in sight or keep one tied up. No man could possibly admire my splendid Irish setters more than I; but any of these noble dogs, absolutely trustworthy alone, will, if left unwatched near another dog, steal away with his colleague by some secret signal and kill sheep.

(Continued from Inside Front Cover)

THE FORUM (May)

Debate—Shall We Curb the Supreme Court?

The British Soviet Griffin Barry

A vivid, first-hand picture of titled ladies and blunt working men drinking tea together, playing tennis, and discussing economics.

Labor and the Press

Norman Thomas

The New Despotism

Washington Pezet

The first of three important articles on the reconstruction of politics.

The Scarlet Cape Caroline Singer

If Americans so heartily disapprove bull-fights, why do they always go to see them?

Your House Is My Castle

Arthur Ruhl

A glimpse into the Moscow of today.

Renewal of Youth by Surgery

Armstrong Perry

When They Are Grandmothers

Clemence Dane

Mathew Arnold Today

Robert Morss Lovett

A Man of Inaction G. E. Mitton

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (May)

A Dialogue with Bernard Shaw

Archibald Henderson

Shaw's characteristic ideas and humor on a variety of present-day subjects, reproduced verbatim.

Biassed Evolution Alfred J. Lo'ka

Gray—Poet and Recluse

Gamaliel Bradford

Rice and Volcanoes

H. M. Tomlinson

A brilliant account of East Indian travels.

Shall Coeducation Continue?

Rollo Walter Brown

A Bargain in Preparedness

Samuel T. Moore

The necessity of building up this important weapon of national defense.

Big Business Stephen Leacock

A delightful burlesque on American business methods, its "pep," innocation, its salesman psychology, and intensive methods.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

(April)

Tax Reduction and Tax Exemption

Edward R. A. Seligman

Britain's Labor Government

J. D. Whelpley

Japan in a Quandary

K. K. Kawakami

Five to Four Supreme Court Decisions

Frank K. Savidge

The South, the Cotton, and the Negro

H. B. McKenzie

The American College

Henry A. Perkins

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE (May)

Do Writers "Just Have" Style?

The first of three essays by W. C. Brownell, in which he shows the difference between style and a style.

Sun Spots as Magnets

Dr. George Ellery Hale tells of the results of the latest investigations with the giant 150-foot tower telescope at Mount Wilson Observatory on the nature of sun spots.

In the Land Where the Elephants Are

Kermit Roosevelt

Hunting adventures in India, full of the atmosphere of the jungle.

Quenching America's Mental Thirst

Gregory Mason

As I Like It

William Lyon Phelps

Unadorned

A Story by Thomas Boyd

WORLD'S WORK (April)

A Week in the White House with President Coolidge

French Strother

Public Men and Big Business

Mark Sullivan

Prize-Winning Paintings of the Year

Labor's Blow to Caste in Britain

Sir Philip Gibbs

Have Women Got What They Want?

Clemence Dane

Yellow Fever Meets Its Master

Marie D. Gorgas and Burton J.

Hendrick

Europe in America

Gino Speranza

The Crimes of Coal

Carl C. Dickey

Partnership, Not Paternalism

Samuel M. Vauclain

Insuring Domestic Tranquility

William McAndrew

New Defense Against the Stock Promoter

HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE (p. 69), a St. Louis "Star" reporter, has the distinction of having exposed the quack doctor "diploma mill," which is now being officially investigated in several States, and by a committee of the United States Senate. Dr. Charles H. Mayo, noted surgeon of Rochester, Minn., has sent him this message: "You are to be congratulated on the results of your investigation and the good that will accrue to the public. . . ."

HILAIRE BELLOC (p. 73) was born in France, in 1870. He served in the Eighth Regiment of Artillery of France before going to Balliol College, Oxford. For four years, 1906-10, he sat in the House of Commons as a Liberal. His writings, ranging from children's stories to treatises on war and politics, are numerous.

GOVERNOR SWEET (p. 77) of Colorado has been able to stimulate great interest in cooperative marketing in his State. He says that he has not tried to be the traditional "excellent Governor" who did not disturb the status quo, but has concerned himself in a practical way with local problems.

BRUCE BARTON (p. 79), well known as a frequent magazine contributor, is the head of a large advertising business, although much of his time is given to writing. He is now at work on a serial of unusual interest to appear in *The Woman's Home Companion*.

RAYMOND B. FOSDICK (p. 81) was formerly Under Secretary-General of the League of Nations. During the war he was chairman of the Commission on Training Camp Activities.

RICHARD BOECKEL (p. 83), who is head of the research staff of "Editorial Research Reports," a new and valuable source of information for the use of editors and journalists, is also Washington representative of the National Civil Service Reform League. He is the author of a recent book, "Labor's Money."

"A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER" is the author of that famous volume of English political portraits, "Mirrors of Downing Street," which has served as a model for similar volumes of anonymous revelations in America.

HAROLD LORD VARNEY (p. 89) is Special Agent, Federal Board for Vocational Guidance, and author of many articles on labor questions in leading magazines.

WILL IRWIN (p. 91), distinguished war correspondent and journalist, is author of "The Next War," "Christ or Mars," etc. Mr. Irwin's article is a chapter in the new book "Mobilizing for Peace," edited by Frederick Lynch.

SAMUEL AUGUSTUS CARLSON (p. 101) has been prominent in public life in his native city, Jamestown, for 30 years, and the fact that he has been reelected for eight consecutive two-year terms is largely responsible for the continuity of successful administrative reforms which have made Jamestown in many ways a model city.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON (p. 111) was born in Malden, Mass., in 1878. He was educated at Harvard. He was for a time on the staffs of the New York Tribune and New York Sun. He is the author of a dozen or more books, among them "Plays and Players," "The Man Who Found Christmas," "The Idyl of Twin Fires," "Green Trails and Upland Pastures," "In Berkshire Fields," and "On the Edge of the Wilderness."

SIR PHILIP GIBBS (p. 117) has had a distinguished career as a journalist. As war correspondent he was with the Bulgarian army in 1912, with the armies of France and Belgium in 1914, and with the British from 1915 to 1918. An author of accurate vision, he is among the keenest of observers of policies and customs and the impression that England's political right-about-face has made upon him is significant. Sir Philip's article brings a wider realization of the tremendous change that overnight crept into the high places of Great Britain.

EDWARD A. SALISBURY (p. 119), traveler, photographer, and lecturer, recounts more of his adventures on his round-the-world journey in his yacht, which have been appearing regularly in *Asia Magazine*.

H. H. POWERS (p. 121), lecturer and publicist, will be remembered by Atlantic readers for his much-discussed "A Question for Christians," which appeared in April of last year.
